

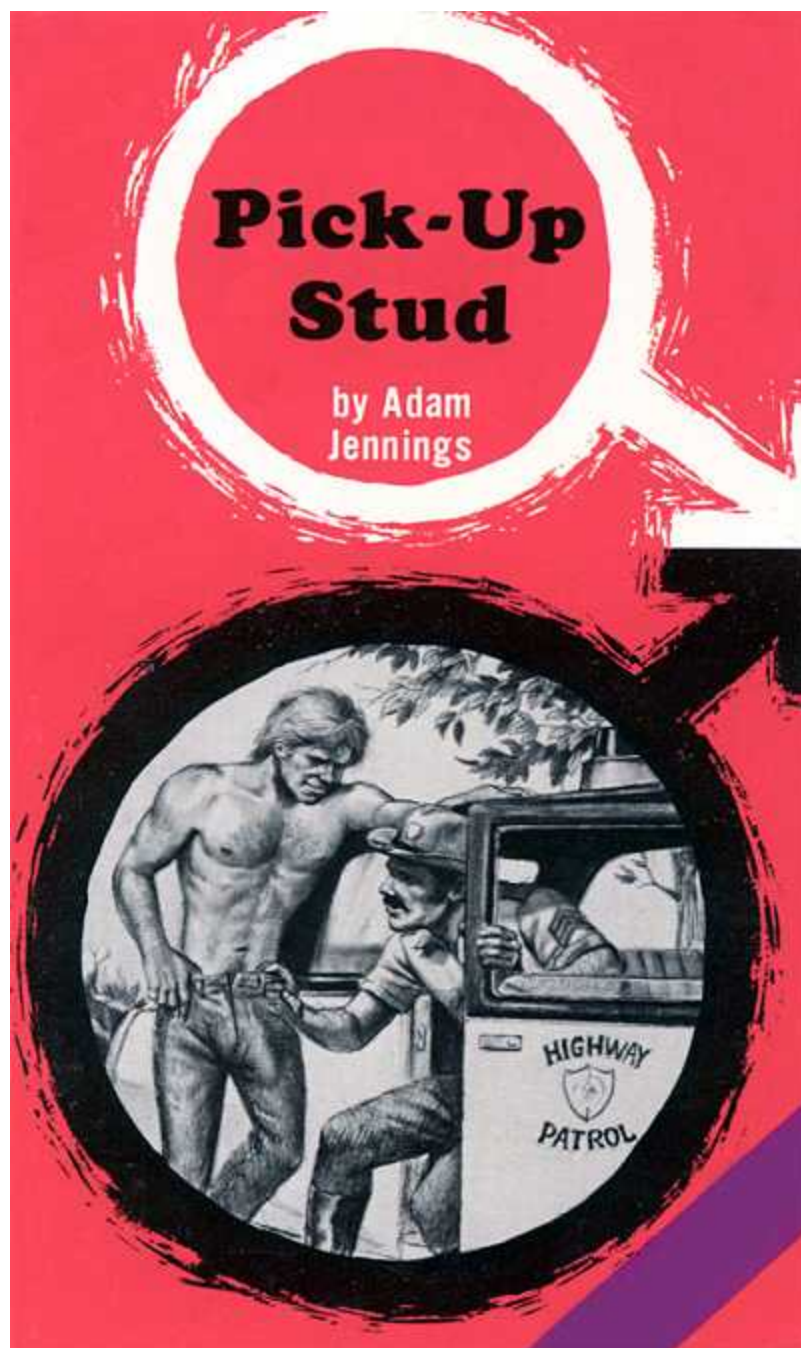
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ac-150 pick-up stud (adam
jennings)

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AC-150 PICK-UP STUD by Adam Jennings

FOREWORD

For every person there comes a time when he must confront new ideas and lifestyles, and adapt them to his own personal code. The young boy enlisting in the Army and meeting people of varied economic backgrounds

from all over the country; the young man going off to college for the first time -- all must face different and sometimes shocking ideas, and dealing with them is part of what makes an adult.

PICK-UP STUD is about a young man, Eric, and the changes he undergoes while hitchhiking across country to his uncle's farm. He meets new people, confronts new ideas about sexuality, and in the process comes to know himself.

PICK-UP STUD -- the story of one boy groping his way to maturity, attempting to find his own niche in life, his own particular lifestyle.

His story is one which holds a lesson for us all.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

School was out, I had just celebrated my eighteenth birthday, and I was hitch-hiking to Iowa to work on my uncle's farm for the summer. The road was nearly empty of traffic and this was the first time I had ever ridden in a huge semi-trailer. The sun was clear, bright, and I was happy. Only at the moment I was a little apprehensive because the jogging of the truck had given me a hard-on which was difficult to conceal. In fact, I couldn't conceal it entirely because I was wearing Levi's cut-offs and my fresh cock was stretching to show itself from beneath the leg of the material.

"Having trouble?"

I looked in surprise at the driver, whose name was Cal. "What do you mean?" He was glancing eagerly at my swollen crotch.

"I mean that hard-on you're sportin'. Don't be self-conscious about it; it happens to all of us drivers because of the movement of the truck. If you'll notice my damned pecker is hard also." He was laughing and pointing at his crotch.

I took a quick glance at his crotch and saw the material bulging, straining. That sight suddenly made me very flushed and excited. I could feel my dick rising and pounding even harder. I lay my hand over it to try and conceal the cock-head, which was pushing out and showing beneath the cut-offs.

"Don't try to hide it. Be proud of it. Show it off... like this!" With one hand he unzipped his pants, loosened his belt and nudged the jeans down over his narrow hips so that his fat cock leaped out of that tight enclosure and sprang out into the air. He was chuckling. "I love my cock waving in the cool breeze while I'm driving down the road. I wish this cab weren't so damned high, so that everyone on the road could have a look at my prick. Can you imagine what shock some of these squares would go into if they came past me on the road and saw my naked prick waving at them? Heh, man, take it out and wave it in the free air."

I was too timid. But, I was hot, really hot; his big dong just stood up tall from his crotch and made my head buzz hot.

"Come on, are you afraid of showing off that pecker of yours? Listen, from that bulge I see and that meaty head jutting beneath your cut-offs, you've got a stiff pecker that is in top working condition. Now you might as well get some practice. Learn to live naturally with your juice stick, cause it's going, to give you lots of pleasure if you treat it right."

While he was telling me all this he was caressing his proud dick I was getting more excited and flustered.

Suddenly he wheeled the truck off the turnpike into a rest area and pulled the big rig to a firm stop. There didn't seem to be anybody else at the rest stop this time of the morning. The next thing I know he'd unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a heavy, hairy chest. Then he pulled off his jeans and his boots -- he was now completely naked. He grinned at me like a cat. "Like it?"

I felt panicky. I really liked it and that made me panicky. Cal was a very compact man, not tall, but very compact. Hairy? -- man, was he hairy! He leaned against the door of the cab, absolutely nude, placed his feet up on the seat and gave me a grandstand view of his crotch. His balls were big and covered with fine black hair that continued down his legs and over fat calves. His cock was smooth, curved to the right, and stood out of that nest of hair like an ivory tower of pulsing flesh. I could hardly control myself. When Cal reached out and touched my cheek I nearly swooned because I realized how much I liked that touch -- that first lusty touch by a lusty man.

He came at me slowly. He picked up my hand and placed it on his throbbing pecker. I closed my eyes and could hear my heart heaving like a piston. I kept my eyes closed and squeezed the hard, warm flesh. I caressed it and explored the beautiful satiny head, all hard... all soft... all velvety... wet with little drops of sweet fluid. I had tasted my own cum fluid and I knew the liquid silver from this velvet cockhead was going to be as sweet, and perhaps even sweeter. I wanted to taste it. I wanted to see if it would be as sweet, as salty, as my on.

Abruptly, without considering anything but my pure pleasure, I leaned forward and placed my lips on that hard beautiful prick. It was pounding, like my heart. I drove that huge pounding meat all the way down my throat, my eyes closed, my eyes watering, gagging on his manly tool. I sucked... I slurped... I nibbled. I pumped on his cock with my mouth until it happened. Great waves of sweet silver rushed up through that hot pecker and washed down my throat... butter-sweet and salty... flashing across my tongue. That pecker swelled again and again with urgency. There was no stopping it. I was forced to swallow... and swallow... and swallow. I felt a rush through my body, like I had discovered an aspect of myself that was good, and I knew that it was good.

His cock started to soften and I was reluctant to let go of it, or to open my eyes. I grooved on this sticky love in my mouth. Hands on my head finally pulled me off this spent serpent -- the first cock I had ever sucked.

"Wow, you really got into that didn't you?"

Momentarily I was embarrassed, but remembering how right it all felt to me I confessed that this was the first time. "It really was the first time I ever did that. I don't know, Cal, something came over me when I saw you all naked and sexy like that. I realize I've wanted to do that for a long time."

"Are you kidding; you mean you never had a cock in your mouth before?"

"Never."

"You mean you never fooled around with your buddies and had jack-off parties and things like that?"

"Oh yeah. I've got a couple of buddies who are about a year older than me, Pete and Leo. We've had a few jack-off times. In fact Pete likes to lick our cocks after we've thrown our loads. But I've never put a cock in my mouth before. I really have wanted to. I was afraid, scared I would catch something or other. You know how it is. But I wasn't scared today when I saw your big juicy cock standing up between your legs. I just wanted to touch it, put it in my mouth suck on it."

"Did you like the taste of my cum?"

"Yeah, I liked it. When I went down on your cock I knew that you would shoot in my mouth. When it happened I just took it. It seemed fine. Yeah, I liked it a lot. I guess the cum made the whole thing better, complete, you know?"

"You must be just about ready to shoot your load by now, aren't you?"

"Well, I cooled off a little after taking your load, but I'm getting pretty hot again just looking at your big prick and your balls."

"I'm already hot again. Look, this damned pecker of mine is hard as a rock. Let's see yours."

I hurriedly unbuttoned my shirt and threw it up on the back sleeper bunk of the truck. I undid the zipper of my cut-offs and kinda wiggled out of them, my bare ass on the leather seat. My prick sprang up against my belly.

"Wow, that's a pretty nice piece of meat! Let me taste that throbbing baby."

In a flash Cal was on his knees on the floor of the cab, sliding my dick between his lips and down my throat. He was a glorious cock-sucker. Then he stopped sucking my prick, pushed my legs up in the air and smiled at me. "Ever had a rim job?"

"I'm going to run my long tongue all over your ass and then I'm going to push my tongue into your shithole and fuck you with it. Would you like that?"

Before I could answer Cal was down on my ass, slurping away, gently nipping my firm buns, sending shivers up and down my spine. He ran his talented tongue over my ass -- teasing, enticing, vexing me. My body was aglow with tingles. I was gasping, glowing, and then his tongue hit my hole, my little pink virgin hole. I could feel the tip of his tongue just tickle, then shove, then caress. I closed my eyes and was transported again into a place of pure, unadulterated pleasure, and I loved it.

My body began jerking in response to his teeth nibbling away at my asshole. My hole was opening and closing, expanding and contracting. His tongue would push gently, then shove in as far as it would go. I squeezed my muscle around that tongue and held onto it because it felt so good. I heard myself moaning. "Fuck me, Cal... Oh man, fuck me with your tongue... Push it all the way inside me, Cal... More... Into me, please... It feels so good!"

Abruptly my body went rigid. It was not Cal's tongue playing in my bung-hole; it was two fingers on his right hand that went plunging into my ass, whirled around inside like a flash and then pulled out. I almost fainted.

"Oh my God, what was that?"

Cal was smirking. "Did you like that Eric, baby? That was a couple of truck-driving fingers up your asshole. And this is a virgin asshole, isn't it? Nothing been inside this butthole, right?"

"Right... right. It's never been touched."

"Did you like my tongue fuckin' your asshole?"

"Yes, oh yes, it was good. Please, it was so good... DO IT SOME MORE!"

Cal didn't need another invitation. He was on top of it, sliding his beautiful long tongue into my bung-hole. My legs were waving around in the air and I was floating on a cloud of lusty ecstasy. Cal had my tender ass all wet with his sticky saliva, all ready for the two fingers he began to tease me with. Pushing a little, moving around at the opening into my asshole, sliding in and then out. He was stretching me gently, but firmly... then WHAM. Both fingers came all the way in at once. I began to sweat as my body arched high in the air and my asshole clenched tightly around those fingers. It all hurt so good... so good... so good!

Unexpectedly, the door of the truck opened and there stood a black policeman, a highway patrolman, with a look of complete shock on his face. "What the hell is going on in there?"

I thought Cal was going to shit. He went limp, as did I. Neither one of us could speak. What can you say when you're naked, fucking in the front cab of a truck and a cop catches you?

There was a look of astonishment on the face of the cop. "Okay, you two, what the hell are you doing in there?"

A rhetorical question, obviously. It was pretty damned obvious what was going on. Nonetheless, I was scared as hell. Cal left his fingers in my ass, looked up, smiled and said, "We're fuckin', Officer. Would you care to join us?"

The black cop just stared and shook his head in further amazement. Cal took his fingers out of my ass and slid my buns around on the seat of the truck so that my pink hole was pointing directly at the officer. My legs were still high in the air and my cock was standing straight up in the air because Cal was holding it in that position.

Cal looked this highway cop right in his wide eyes and said, "Now Officer, isn't that the most beautiful piece of virgin ass you've ever seen? Look at those firm hard buns. Look at those long, youthful legs with just a dazzle of bright blond hair all over them, especially over his narrow calves and tight hard thighs. See how that golden hair runs up into his balls and strong cock. Now that's a nice cock, wouldn't you agree, Officer?"

"Now wait a minute, whoever you are." The officer looked flushed, although it was hard to tell.

Cal wouldn't be interrupted and continued right on hawking. "Feast your eyes on that pink little virgin asshole. Never been touched, Officer, except by my tongue and my two fingers just now. Never had a glorious old prick playing around in there. That little hot hole is dying for a real prick, don't you agree? And, Officer, I bet you're got a real hot, fuckin' prick on you, haven't you?"

The officer was loosing his marbles over this scene.

Cal continued, undaunted. "Shut your eyes, Officer. Now just take a whiff of my fingers that just came out of this intriguing little ass. Now that's good pungent, shitty, moist, lusty, ass smell wouldn't you agree?"

The officer's eyes were closed and he was practically burying Cal's fingers up his nose he was so carried away.

"Come closer, Officer. I want you to have a very close look at this bung muscle. I want you to see it expand and contract. Watch!"

With this Cal slid his tongue back into my highly advertised asshole and we did a number for this black cop. Cal was getting pretty turned on again by the whole scene and his tongue in my hot tube was feverish.

Cal was shameless. "Come all the way in here, Officer. I want you to just touch this lovely ass -- firm, tight, hot, ready to give pleasure."

The cop took that final step forward and placed his hand on my ass! His hand was huge, huge, and I was a mess, I was so frightened.

The cap shook his head. "Look fellows, you can't go around screwing in the cab of a truck." All the while he's squeezing my buns and I know from the squeeze that he's getting off on them. "You know, I could haul you both in for a number of things, especially... whew, damn, those are really sweet buns, man!"

Cal knew he had him. So did I. My buns did it. We knew we wouldn't be arrested now. The next thing I know the cop shoves his hat under his arm and plunges his head between my legs and shoves his anxious tongue as far down into my rosy asshole as he can get it. Man, he had a tongue that wouldn't stop. When he plunged it down my moist channel he began to eat me out like I was potatoes and gravy. My asshole was being stormed by a raspy, horny, rim-expert of a cop.

Finally he came up far air, smiling. "Shit, I've got to have all of you, but not here. Let's all go back into those woods. There's a safe place that we can all make it. By the way, what're your names? Mine is Thomas."

Cal introduced us as he was pulling on some clothes. The only thing Thomas would let me put on was my cut-offs.

We locked up the truck and squad car, then climbed over a fence and headed back into the woods. Thomas found a small clearing near a stream and began to carefully take off all his clothes, laying them out on a pile of leaves. He was six feet three inches tall and all muscle. Cal almost fainted when he saw Thomas' pair of mammoth naked buns, etched like black marble. Cal immediately got behind him, pulled apart those two dark globes and slid his tongue over the hair, the sweat, and found the big pink hole. In a flash he had his hungry tongue in and out, then had his prick smashing its way into that ass. Thomas swooned. All the while he kept looking gently at me. Finally he asked me to take off my cut-offs. I did.

Thomas ran his hands over my body, gently, firmly, almost oblivious to the fuck scene taking place up his ass. He slid off Cal's horny pole and asked him to lie on his back on the ground. Thomas spread his big black legs on either side of Cal's body and lowered his aching buns to circle that eager fat white pecker between Cal's legs. I got down on the ground in front of Thomas and watched the stiff pecker-head slide firmly up into Thomas' dark asshole. His ass muscle twitched with excitement and anticipation. Then the ring muscle grabbed onto the caressing pecker and pulled it in. The long hard pecker slid further and further in, until Cal's balls pressed tightly against the cop's glistening ass globes. His face shone with the ecstasy of a good fuck.

Thomas reached out to hold onto my pounding cock as he began a soft movement of his body in slow circles. Around and around he swayed, with the fat white prick up his bung playing randy music. He bent slightly forward and took my cock into his mouth. He was engulfed from both ends

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- two hundred and thirty hard pounds of electric black meat all steamed up, gobbling cock at ass and mouth, heading for an ecstatic explosion.

However, Thomas wanted the inevitable explosion to come on slowly. He whipped me around and pulled my firm ass into his face and again whipped his expert tongue into my hot butt. Thomas reached around and stroked my

excited cock until I thought I would throw gobs, but, I held back... I wanted it to come on slowly also.

I had an urge again to see what Cal's happy cock was doing up Thomas'

ass. I got down on the ground and wiggled forward until my head nearly touched Cal's balls. I had a birds-eye view of Thomas' stretched asshole over a steaming stiff pecker. When I darted out my tongue I could caress the muscle of Thomas' ass ring as it slid up and down on Cal's good meat.

I got off on the randy taste of cock and ass and sweat and cum.

I kept running my tongue around Thomas' itching ass muscle until my tongue got tired. So I wet a finger in my mouth and began to caress his feverish plugged asshole with my wet finger. Thomas went out of his mind with delight. I started to push a little until my finger was all the way inside of him, lying beside Cal's pounding cock.

Thomas went crazy. "Oh baby, I love it, do it more... Give me more...

Fuck me, fuck me... Plug my black ass, man!"

And I did. I wet more fingers and before long I had three fingers doing tricks up Thomas' ass alongside Cal's cock. Thomas' body was sweating and glistening in the sunlight, dark and moving like a great dancing animal.

His eyes were sparkling, his head was moving in circles like his body, enraptured with the great pain... oh such pain... such perfect pain...

RAPTUROUS PAIN.

"Oh baby don't stop now... Give me everything... Make me hurt, baby...

Shove it to me... MAKE ME COME, MAKE ME BLEED... LET ME REMEMBER THIS ONE

FOREVER... OH, FUCK ME!"

Thomas was moving his body fast now and so was Cal from beneath.
WHAM...

and Cal threw his huge load of cum into Thomas... then it oozed out and down his cock. I got my thirsty tongue in there just in time... lapping up the good juices. Man, I loved those juices... good fuck juices, smelly good cum juices trickling over my tongue. I rolled sticky sweet prick pollen juices around the inside of my mouth and then plastered my lips to the cop's. He shoved his tongue into my mouth and eagerly sucked up his own cum out of my brandied mouth. I ate Cal juices out of Thomas; Thomas ate Cal juices out of me. Then we collapsed.

Soon Thomas was up and striding the clearing, obviously still in heat because his black pecker stuck out in front of him like a sailing mast.

It was a damned interesting cock and I was hungry for it. He teased me with it... striking it against my face, against my back, rubbing it along my lips. Cal came up between his legs and swallowed both his balls, a really super feat.

Thomas whispered in my ear, "Do you want to eat this good pecker, man?"

I was hotter than hell. "Oh yes, let me have it, Thomas."

"Ohhhhhh, not yet baby. I want you to tell me how much you want to suck this cop pecker of mine. You want to lay your lips on this black cop pecker, eh man?"

"Yeah, Thomas. Let me take your meat deep down my throat. Give it to me, Thomas!"

"Do you think you can suck these ten inches of thick pecker, man?" He kept taunting me. "Or would you rather have it doing tricks up your little white ass?" He brushed the velvet head of his full smooth warm cock-head against my lips and I could smell sweet musty cum droplets.

"Here, Eric, just a little taste. Just a little cock head in your mouth... get the smell... get the taste, baby?"

Cal let go of Thomas' big balls and whispered in my ear, "Eat it, Eric!"

I wanted to eat it... I really wanted to. I bobbed my head and got about three inches of ebony pecker in my mouth before Thomas pulled back out and I was frantic. He kept taunting me further.

"Watch, Eric; I'm going to let Cal have a good taste and I want you to watch how he does it. See, he runs his warm lips over the head, his tongue around and around the purple crown. Oh man, that feels so damned good. Would you like to try a little cocksuckin' now, Eric?"

"Yes... YES... please let me have it, Thomas... PLEASE!"

"Oh no, not yet my little white ass. Watch as Cal slides my dick all the way down his hungry throat... like that!"

Cal let Thomas' enormous black pecker slide all the way down his throat.

I could see his throat puff out. He gagged on it, but held on; his eyes closed in rapture. Thomas made throbbing movements with his cock which put great pressure on Cal's throat. Still Cal held on and would have died happily at that very moment, happy with this glorious pecker down his gullet. But Thomas yanked his cock away and let it dance, glistening-wet, in the air.

"Did you like that scene, Eric baby? Are you ready to try a little cock down your throat? No, let's see you learn a few more tricks first."

With that statement he turned around with his broad back to me and bent over, shoving his sculptured buns and ready asshole in front of my face.

His balls dangled like candy in front of a starving child. He held his big dick straight down with his hand so my eyes could feast on its rubbery hard length. "Now Cal is going to bend down over me and lick my ass, Eric, while I want you to run your tongue over my balls and then perhaps you can have some cock?"

Cal dove right in and started pumping his tongue into this hot cop ass. I stroked his balls, knobbled, kinky-haired balls full of beautiful love juice. I

surmised that Thomas' weakness was his ass so perhaps I could tease a little. I had certainly been teased enough by him.

Both Cal and I had our tongues working that black ass and Thomas was swooning with delight. I spit on three long fingers and drove them all the way up Thomas' bung hole and twirled them around until Thomas was breathing heavily and panting with pain and joy. He was moaning now and begging for more.

"You want more, Thomas? Well, you just tell me how much more you want, ok? This much more?" And I shoved the fourth finger up his rectum with force.

"Heh, Eric baby, don't tease with my asshole, hell... that's my weakness you're playing around with there, you hear?"

I wasn't playing around. I was dead serious, because I could really get into this ass. His big fanny was a bucking, fucking monster that loved to be worked over. "I'm not teasing Thomas. Now would you call this teasing?"

I doubled up my thumb and began to push until I felt Thomas' sphincter muscle begin to slowly relax and allow me to enter. Cal was going out of his mind watching my whole hand disappear into the cop's ass. He got back down on the ground and gulped on his big nuts to help him relax. Thomas was grunting and moaning. "Oh baby... Oh baby... Oh baby!" over and over again. Cal spit on my hand to help lubricate it. And, I pushed...

pushed... PUSHED!

What a beautiful warm delicious feeling on my hand as it slowly eased up inside the stretched rectum. The stretching sphincter muscle was relaxing and I continued a steady pressure. Slowly all my knuckles passed through the glory zone of pain and pleasure and Thomas almost fainted as my whole hand slid into him like the stud cock Thomas needed to appease his hungry ass.

"Oh my God... That's glorious... Oh God, it hurts... it hurts so beautifully... Oh, don't move your hand for a moment... Just keep it very still and let me

relax, get used to your fuckin' hand inside of me...

Relax on your whole God-damned hand up my ass. Shit, I love it."

Cal backed off the tight balls he was eating and shoved his head near Thomas' ear so he could talk him on, ease him on. Meanwhile I started to slowly rotate my hot hand inside of Thomas. Thomas began to cry with pain and ecstasy. "Oh my God, what are you doing? Slowly... Slowly... It feels so good... Fuck me... Man, fuck me inside out... Tear me up, man... Tear up my mother-fuckin' asshole!"

Cal again slid down between Thomas' legs and to my surprise he wet his finger and slid one into Cal's ass beside my hand. He not only put one finger in there but quickly had three fingers squeezed alongside of my hand, making happy waves. Thomas was almost collapsed with pleasure.

But suddenly Thomas began to buck his big body, slammed his great round ass back onto my hand and Cal's fingers, rotating his ebony buns in the air, forcing everything we had into him until he was stretched a mile.

His eyes glazed as he heaved his huge graceful body onto our fucking hand-and-finger dildo. His rectum was being tortured, torn, riddled, and still he wanted more. He seemed to be nearly out of control, mindless of the pain he was suffering... or enjoying it. I felt his body tense; his big prick rose in the air without being touched, then shot gobs of pearly cum ten feet across the clearing. He cried out, "Oh mother-fucker help me... Help me... It's so fuckin' good. I can't stop fucking... Tear my ass apart... Tear up my black ass, man... Tear up my mother-fuckin'

hungry black ass, you pricks...! Ohhhhhhhhhh, it's so fuckin' good... It hurts so bad, man... Oh Christ, let me shoot all over the fuckin'

place... Let it come!" And he continued shooting gobs of cum.

Slowly Thomas sank forward and off my hand, although it took a little gentle work to get it out without ripping that glorious asshole to pieces. Thomas cried out that moment the widest part of my hand slipped out his rear door. His ass tightened and he collapsed to the ground. Cal and I

looked at each other and Cal whispered, "It sure was more exciting fucking that cop than getting arrested by him, right?"

CHAPTER TWO

We all collapsed in the warmth of the sun. The sun's golden goodness caressed our fatigued bodies. Although I had not shot my load as yet, my body was numb with these new experiences. I was tired and fell asleep briefly. When I awoke Cal was already dressed and Thomas was stretching, trying to get his muscles back into operating order. His glistening black body wrapped in sunlight was a gorgeous scene to watch. He moved like an immense graceful dancer.

Thomas began to dress. Even when fully dressed, the monochromatic blue of the police uniform could not conceal the perfection of his body beneath.

"I really love to watch your body, Thomas... It's beautiful!"

"Thank you, Eric. I'm a pretty big dumb animal, but I know I have a good thing in this body if I take care of it. I like to exercise it and keep it in good shape." He glanced at me out of the corner of his eyes, a slight grin on his lips as he admitted, "However, you two sex fiends practically ruined me this afternoon. I'm a mess right now. What I need is a good hot bath and a hard massage."

"Can I do that for you, Thomas? Can I give you that message?"

He slid on his boots, shiny with polish. "I don't know, Eric. What's your program? I thought you were riding out with your buddy, Cal."

Cal was already walking back to the truck. He was nervous about leaving it in the rest stop so long unattended. He was carrying a pretty valuable load and would have been in deep trouble if he let it get away from him.

"I'm hitching my way to Iowa to work on my uncle's farm for the summer.

Cal is just a good guy who picked me up and is giving me a lift -- we're not really riding buddies. I have to show up at my uncle's place soon or he's going to go out of his head with worry. I'll give you my address in Iowa. Who knows, maybe you have a little vacation or something later this

summer and you could motor out that way and we could get better acquainted. I could give you that massage you need, right?"

"Right, man." He grinned. "I want you to give me that massage."

"And by then, maybe my virgin ass won't be so virgin anymore and you could plant that big dick of yours inside me. You could teach me about getting torn up the way you like it, right?"

Thomas wheezed with delight. "Oh man, you're so right. Yes, man, I want to shove my dick up your lily-white ass in the worst way. Not just my dick, man, but my tongue, my fingers, anything that will get you off."

Thomas was getting another hard-on. "Come on, Eric, let's get out of here. I've been gone too long now and if we stay one more second I'm going to have to rape that gorgeous ass of yours. Let's split, man."

I followed Thomas out of the woods, watching his buttocks moving up and down, reaching out occasionally to place my hand on his ass. Thomas would glance over his shoulder and smile. I was happy.

Cal and I climbed aboard the truck cab and started to move out. Thomas was standing in the middle of the road beside his cruiser, my summer address in his hand. He looked like an unmovable rock planted in the middle of the road. I really hoped I would see him again. In the meantime Cal whistled happily as we pushed back down the highway. I curled up in the bunk and slept away several hours.

When I awoke we were pulling into a stop for gas and chow. Cal took care of the needs of the truck after which we sauntered inside the diner-motel to get a shower and food, which we both needed after our exhausting summer game in the woods with Officer Thomas.

The water rushing over my body was like magic, it gave me new life and new energy. Cal scrubbed through the black hair on his chest, relaxing in the warmth and security which a shower provides. I took a long look at Cal and felt good about his strong body -- nearly one hundred and seventy pounds compactly arranged on a five foot eleven inch frame. His black

curly hair glistened now with droplets of water. His shoulders were wide, his chest was wide, his hips and buttocks were wide, and so was his grin.

When he looked up and laughed at me with that wide mouth my thought was that he could probably get two good cocks down that lusty throat of his.

I told him that and he howled with laughter.

"I'll tell you something, I've done that, believe me. Have you ever been in a Turkish bath? No, of course you haven't. Well, there was a time in Atlanta, when on several occasions I had two good strong pricks working inside my throat. Wow, is that a trip!"

As Cal was talking his prick started to rise up strong out of the black nest of hair between his legs. He looked at me. "But I'll tell you what, right now I'll settle for one perfect cock in my mouth... yours... ok?"

Before I could answer he was on his knees with my prick lying on his tongue, his lips curled around the base of my rising prick, and he began to suck. I closed my eyes, delighted with such a sweet blow-job. I really had a load ready to shoot all day and now was the time. What I wasn't expecting was the gallery of three guys watching. There they were when I opened my eyes... all nude, soaping up, each with a hard-on, but not disturbing the glorious sucking that Thomas was doing on my prick. Damn, I felt my balls start to jerk up tight and I knew that I was going to come. And I did. I gushed a load down Cal's throat and he swallowed it all.

When he opened his eyes he was startled to see the gallery of onlookers.

But, in his usual genial, unaffected, unruffled manner, he simply smiled and said, "Next."

One by one these horny fellows walked over to Cal, poked their bursting dicks into his mouth and shot him a load. The last two he placed carefully so that he could get both their cocks into his mouth at the same time. Then, winking at me, he went down on them and showed me how two good strong beefy peckers would fit into his talented mouth. And he sucked them dry. I was amazed, and delighted. I liked watching his double suck.

After drying off and changing clothes we ate our dinner. I teased Cal. "I don't know how you could be hungry after that four-course dinner you just had in the shower."

"Well, that was just appetizers. I can only suck that meat and then I have to eat some good red meat to keep up my energy. I'm going to have some rare roast beef, and so are you. It will be good for you -- load your pecker."

So we ate. The truck was locked up for the night; Thomas and I sacked in for a good night of sleep. We both needed it desperately.

The next morning we downed as many eggs as we could eat and were back on the road. According to the map Cal and I were going to be parting company in about fifty miles as he headed north into Michigan, and I continued west to Iowa. We were pretty quiet during that next hour. We had had a good time together and we were sorry to have to part.

"Take it easy, and take good care of that virgin ass of yours, ok?"

"Thanks, Cal, and keep sucking."

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his prick to wave good-bye to me. I leaned forward and pulled it into my mouth and got it hard. Then I kissed it farewell. He ran his hand up the leg of my cut-offs and squeezed my nearly hard dick. I watched him head his rig north and felt a little lonely back on the road by myself I should not have been on that road in the first place. I had the money to take a bus, but had decided to save the money for other things. I sat down on my pack and daydreamed about the past events. I still could see that handsome black cop with his beautiful black body and it made me happy to just be alive. However, I was never going to get further west daydreaming beside the road. I pulled myself together and got back on the shoulder of the road in the direction I had to go. I pulled out the sign that read Iowa, and held it in front of me, waiting for a ride.

In twenty minutes I was tucked in the front seat of a speeding Mustang, tearing down the road like time was standing still. The driver's name was Jackson and he kept talking non-stop, almost as fast as he drove. Finally I told him I had made a mistake and would get off at the next roadside rest

area so that I could retrace my mileage. The jerk really didn't understand that I couldn't handle this talk any longer. Fifteen minutes later I found myself at an outdoor rest stop alone again.

I drank cool fresh water from a hand-pump, then headed for the john to piss. I was pissing when I noticed a hole had been carved out of the wall of the shit stall next to the urinal. I peeked in through the hole but no one was in the stall. I went in and sat down to see what would happen in this place.

There was a stall next to the one I was in and caned in the wall was an even bigger glory hole. The guy sitting in that stall was stroking a masterful hard-on. He had a long thick, stiff piece of meat that he was stroking on hard. I looked through the hole until he noticed me. He boldly stood up, shoved his hard cock through the hole and I was in glory with his stiff pecker running up and down my thirsty throat. The guy must have been hot as a pistol because I had hardly gotten into a comfortable head stroke when his prick exploded. Shots of sweet cum went barreling down my throat then, just as quickly, the guy was gone. He looked happy as he left. I bet he could make that long prick shoot about six times a day. It had a nice clean taste.

The next guy that came in was a slob, so I pulled up my pants and went back outside. I sat on a bench near the pump watching the people pull in and out of the rest area. A young farmer drove up in a pickup truck full of grain and didn't come out of the pisser for a long time. I was getting curious, so I ambled quietly back to the john and pushed open the door.

The young farmer almost fainted with surprise; he hadn't heard me come up to the building until I opened the door. He was standing with the door of his stall wide open and another middle-aged husky farmer had his big dong planted square in the ass of this good-looking young man. I got a little weak when I caught sight of his chiseled body. I whispered that it was okay, they should continue. The panic left their faces and they continued to fuck right there in front of me. The older man had a pair of balls on him that hung down like basketballs. They were beauts.

I strode over to the younger man and ran my hand down his belly, over his balls and between his legs, where I could feel a really big hard wet pecker

going in and out of his hurting ass. I kissed his hard chest and nibbled on his tits. It drove him crazy and his body began to move frantically.

I looked him in the eyes and whispered, "You like to get fucked?"

He nodded his head and moaned, "I love to get fucked."

"Will you let me fuck you after his cock shoots off in you?"

He looked me pleadingly in the eyes, "I'd love it." And at that very moment the guy behind him reared up and shot his cum deep into my new friend's ass. I heard the cock slurp as it plopped out and the man went back into his booth to clean up.

The young farmer gave a low whistle as his ass muscle constricted after giving up the big cock. He smiled at me, "It's pretty risky here, so let's go to my farm down the road, ok?" The guy was nervous about the whole fuck scene in this public place. I didn't want to take all this time from the road but I was too hot now not to say yes.

We piled into his pickup truck and started down the interstate. We were off that busy road and onto a country road in a manner of minutes and soon were pulling into a small farm. No one else seemed to be around except a couple of dogs.

The young farmer pulled up next to the barn and smiled at me. "My name is Martin. What's yours?"

"I'm Eric. Pleased to know you."

"Look Eric, let's go into the barn here where we won't be disturbed."

We climbed out of the truck and pulled the door of the barn closed behind us. Several dogs followed us inside but went into a corner and seemed to go to sleep. Martin pulled off his overalls, showing that he didn't wear another stitch of clothing under them. The narrow middle of his body was very white while the rest of it was very tanned from being in the sun.

Even his long legs were tanned. He was a damned-good looking sexy young farmer -- all blond and hard and horny as hell.

He had me out of my clothes in a second and was down on my cock, gobbling it up. But I really wanted to fuck his beautiful white ass. I knew that he loved to be fucked. But Martin had his own ways as I soon found out.

From a little side room in the barn he brought out a bench with several rounded, long smooth poles sticking out of it about six inches or more.

He set it down in the middle of the hay and invited me to sit on one of the poles. "Look Eric, I want you to slide your tight little ass onto one of these poles, ok?"

I lowered my ass and felt one of the smooth poles against my asshole.

"Here, let me grease it up for you, Eric. And I'll grease up one for me."

Out came a can of Crisco and he greased up all the poles.

Martin spread his legs and sat on the middle pole, which was about medium size. I saw the pole disappear into his asshole and I saw the glazed look in his eyes as the pole disappeared into his rear-end. He obviously had done this many times before and loved it.

I lowered my ass onto one of the poles that was about the size of Cal's two fingers, which I remembered had felt good inside of me. Martin, however, needed more than what he had and he quickly got off and slid onto the largest pole at the end of the bench. He moved around on it and moaned with pleasure.

His body was all tense and rigid, all muscle, all made for wild sex.

Under my tender caressing his body relaxed and he began to breathe normally again. Martin looked up at me with eyes of deep appreciation.

"Oh thank you, Eric. Let's go to the house and get cleaned up."

We gathered up our clothes but didn't put them back on, and headed for the farm house across the yard. The dogs were running around us, still horny, their pricks darting out. I had to kick them away from me to keep them at a safe distance.

In the house Martin ran a deep bath and slid his body into the warm water. He gestured to me to join him and I didn't hesitate. I undressed slowly -- stretching my body into provocative poses to please Martin's appreciative eyes. Martin had had his ass full, now I would give him his eyes full.

I pissed slowly into the commode with Martin's eyes glued to my every movement. It was a strong hard yellow stream that hit the water in the commode and made a foam. I had always liked the sound of pissing. Now just as I was nearly finished, I whipped my cock over the tub and let the last few drops trickle over Martin's body. He moaned softly with pleasure and massaged those golden drops into the tanned skin of his chest and stomach. He licked his fingers and smiled as though I had given him a gift of the rarest liquor. He gestured to me, "Come Eric, lie in the water beside me."

I tested the water with my hand and Martin grabbed for my wrist, held on and began to caress my arm with his other hand. He ran his fingers gently to my chest and pinched at my hard rosy tits. It felt so good. He pulled me gently toward him and lifted my legs over the side of the tub and I slid down into the water beside him. The old-fashioned tub was large and there was just enough room for both of us under the water if we held each other in our arms and melted into each other's bodies. The water was warm and soft; Martin's body was warm and hard -- like iron. There were no soft spots in his body, no fat. Even his buns were like rock. I suppose that all the hard work on the farm kept his body in this top condition.

We relaxed in the water, running our hands over each other's bodies.

Martin ran his tongue around my neck and into my ear. That was getting me pretty horny again. Both our cocks were at full mast. But shooting our loads wasn't foremost in our minds. It was being together, holding each other, caressing each other.

We rested in the bathtub a long time. Martin eventually fell off to sleep with his head cradled in my arm. My arm then went to sleep so I had to wake him up to make a move and get circulation back into my muscles. I cradled up in his arm with my lips against his chest and soon dozed off.

When I awoke the water was very cool and I began to shiver. Martin and I both pulled our lethargic bodies out of the cool tub and began to rub down with warm towels. I felt good, but very lazy.

Martin pulled me into his bedroom where he stretched me out on a huge antelope skin on the floor. He placed his knees on either side of my body, poured musk oil onto my back and gave me a firm massage. His hands were strong, very strong. However, he did not hurt me; rather, his pressure was firm and gentle. My muscles began to relax and tingle as he moved down my back, over my buttocks, along my legs; he even worked over my feet.

I loved the feel of this hard young man working on me. I got a rush just being aware of his firm full legs straddling me, pushing into the side of my body. When he stretched his body full-length on top of mine and poured his animal warmth and energy into me I felt I was being reborn.

CHAPTER THREE

We just lay on the floor for a long time, his body on top of mine.

Unfortunately, a car horn honking in the front yard tore us out of our mood and we both dived for our clothes. Martin wore only overalls and a pair of boots, so that he was dressed before I had on my cut-offs, boots and T-shirt. We ambled to the front door and saw a green pickup truck parking beside the barn. There was something printed on the door of the truck but from where I stood I couldn't read it. The guy that got out was wearing blue jeans and a white shirt and a cowboy hat. He was big -- BIG.

He was about six feet four inches tall and he must have weighed in at three hundred pounds. He was almost fat, but not really. He was simply a solid monster of a man. Martin mumbled softly to me, "You ought to see the pecker on this giant." My cock spontaneously jumped inside my jeans.

I was very curious.

I followed Martin across the yard toward the pickup truck. "Hi Lou, what brings you out this way? Oh, by the way, I want you to meet a new friend of mine by the name of Eric. Eric, this is Lou Thompson, our Country Agricultural Agent."

My hand disappeared into the paw of this giant as he greeted me, "Howdy Eric. You don't look like no farmer."

"Hello, Mr. Thompson. No, I'm from the city... from Pennsylvania. But, I'm hitching my way out to Iowa to work on my uncle's farm for the summer."

"Where in hell did Martin pick you up; probably down at that roadside restroom if I know my man Martin, right?" His big face broke into a grin.

Martin became defensive. "Look Lou, Eric isn't bragging. I'm bragging for him and about him. This guy is pretty well hung and he is learning how to handle his equipment pretty well... I know."

Lou sneered slightly. "Well, I bet he's never seen equipment like I've got between my legs, eh Martin?"

This is exactly what Martin was hoping for. He wanted Eric to see a prize piece of cock meat. "Just give Eric a little preview, Lou. I want Eric to see a County Fair Prize cock." Martin chuckled as Lou's eyes began to sparkle with the excitement of exhibiting his prick. Lou loved to show off his prize prick.

"Come over here, and take a feel through my pants."

I was nervous and my legs felt a little weak, but I walked over to Lou and stood there looking at the bulge in his jeans.

"Come on, touch it!"

I finally reached out and placed my hand on the bulge. "It doesn't seem so extraordinary to me."

Both Martin and Lou chuckled. "You see, it doesn't feel much different than anyone else's when it's soft, but, when it rares up and gets hard, watch out!" With that he undid his belt, pulled down his zipper and dropped his pants over his wide hips. A big hunk of rosy meat hung from a hard wiry bush of hair.

Lou kept staring me right in the eye and giving me instructions. "Now you just keep your eye on it while Martin plays around a little to get up steam."

Martin stepped forward and ran his fingers deftly over that great hunk of meat. Gradually the prick swelled... and swelled, until it hung slightly out and downward at an angle from Lou's body. It looked like a hunk of baloney. Martin fell on his knees and slid his lips up and down the big shaft because he couldn't get the great cockhead in his mouth no matter how he tried. The cock continued to grow larger and soon was jutting upward, pointing at the sky, a red head throbbing out at the end of this eleven-inch shaft like it was going to explode and take off for the moon.

The larger the cock grew, the weaker I felt.

It was hard for me to realize anyone could sport such a monster of a prick. I gazed at the veins twining along the shaft and disappearing into the hairy black bush. Those veins stood out, pulsing, carrying rich blood to make this super-meat rigid and ready for action. I got down on the ground with my knees touching Martin's and began to run my tongue and lips up and down the shaft. I could feel the full blue veins of this pounding pecker on my lips; I could feel the throbbing of his heart-beat all the way through this gorgeous muscle. I slurped my way up to the head and got off on the velvety smoothness of the powerful red hammerhead. I ran my tongue around and around the semen-smelling head until I found the hole, which was so big that I could slide some of my tongue down into it and scoop up the drops of love juice hanging in there waiting for propulsion.

I realized I was nearly creaming in my jeans and I knew that Martin was too. Lou started to laugh, then pulled his cock away from us. "Look you guys, I just wanted Eric to see a good strong cock, a cock that I'm proud of. Now I came out here to go over some work with you, Martin. We've got to go over these milk statistics. When I'm finished with all that I'll be ready to let this little fellow of mine have some playtime, ok?"

Martin and I got up off the ground, so heated up we were shaking. Lou put his arm around Martin and directed him to the house to get their work done. I just leaned numbly against Lou's green truck and watched the two of them walk toward the house. Lou looked over his shoulder at me and called out, "Don't go too far away. This should only take us about a half hour."

As they disappeared into the house I shoved a hand down the front of my jeans to arrange my cock in a position where it wouldn't be so conspicuous, not that there was anyone to see my obvious bulge. With my prick stretched comfortably in my jockey shorts, I straightened up and took a little walk around the farm. I discovered a beautiful orchard behind the barn where the apple trees were in full bloom.

I pulled off my shirt and lay down in the new grass. Everything around me seemed alive. The ants were busy with their spring chores. The robins were occupied with building nests in the apple trees shadowing me.

Several pairs of barn swallows were swooping down to a water hole near the fence line, collecting the mud they needed to construct their incredible mud and grass houses beneath the eaves of the barn. There was music in the air. I was happy with all this fresh new life. Perhaps this is what it would be like on my uncle's farm. I was excited about getting there and settling down to new farm experiences for the summer.

I daydreamed for a long time, resting there in the grass. Then hunger pains began to make my stomach jump, so I sauntered back toward the house. When I walked into the kitchen Martin and Lou were just closing the ledgers they had been working on. Martin looked up at me and motioned for me to come in and sit down. Lou leaned back in his chair, smiled at me and asked blatantly if I would like to see his giant pecker shoot off.

I felt a crawly feeling of the hairs on the back of my neck as I started to get all sexually aroused again. I nodded my head that I would, but explained that I was terribly hungry.

"Do you mean to tell me, Eric, that this blond bastard hasn't fed you yet?"

Martin looked a little chagrined. We had been so busy with sex we hadn't had time for food as yet. Now from the look in Lou's eyes I knew he was inspired with a thought.

He heaved his bulk up from the table and roared, "I've got a great idea.

I'll just whip you guys up some little nourishment, ok? You two just sit back and let me do all the work; that is, if I can use your kitchen Martin?"

Martin nodded his head yes and moved around the table to sit beside me.

He placed his hand on my leg and rubbed my crotch. With his other hand he picked up my hand and slid it down the opening in the side of his overalls until I was playing with his belly and crotch hair.

Meanwhile, Lou was undressing. It was hard to believe the bulk of this jolly butch giant. "I'm going to feed you like you've never been fed before, dear Martin and Eric. And, if you don't like the special food I'm going to

prepare, then I'll whip your asses." He smirked, and I hoped that he was joking about that last remark.

After his shirt was off and he moved around the kitchen putting together the makings of pancakes. For a large man he moved pretty well. Both Martin and I were impressed with his biceps and especially his pecs. They stood out firm and round with huge brown nipples. I had been aware of his nipples earlier, showing through his shirt. There was a fine dark hair swirling around each hard nipple which swirled out to the middle of his chest and then ran down to his flat belly and disappeared beneath his jockey shorts. I felt myself wanting to run my tongue over those sculptured nipples. As I thought about them my cock started jumping inside my pants and Martin got turned on. Lou glanced at both of us and suggested, "Why don't you two take off all your clothes so you can really enjoy this food I'm making for you? Come here, Martin, and let me take off those overalls for you."

Martin sprang forward like a cat and within a few seconds Lou had stripped him of his overalls. He picked Martin up by the waist and planted a sloppy kiss in the middle of his belly, then a kiss on his cock, then one on his balls before he put him down.

"Eric, come here and let me get you undressed too."

I didn't hesitate for a moment. I liked his big hands pulling off my T-shirt and my cut-offs. He pushed my jockeys down over my hips and they fell to the floor around my bare feet. Cupping his hairy hand in my crotch he completely engulfed my swollen cock. Next he picked me up by the waist and hoisted me high in the air until he could get his lips around my pounding pecker... he swallowed all of it plus my balls. Man, he was good.

To my great surprise, he held onto my waist, turned me upside-down in his arms and smothered my asshole with his big hot lips. I thought I would cream right then. The stubble of his beard raked across my hot-cross buns as his powerful tongue shot into my tight little asshole. Just as suddenly, he put me down and sat me beside Martin. Martin was squirming all over his chair watching us.

The preliminaries were enough to get old Lou all steamed up. He finally stepped out of his tight jeans and his hunk of meat and balls dropped into sight. His cock was hardening and stretching toward the floor. He pulled up a kitchen stool, placed a water glass on the table beside him, opened his legs up wide, leaned back against the kitchen cupboards and started to stroke his big meat.

Lou looked directly into my eyes. "I want you to see the first big load shoot out of my 'little friend', Eric. Martin has seen it before, but he can see it again. I think he likes to see it shoot, right, Martin?"

Martin was drooling from his mouth. Yes, he obviously liked to see Lou's

'little friend' shoot a load. My legs were wide apart and I played with myself as I watched Lou stroke his long thick pecker. Martin leaped off his chair and planted his ass solidly in my lap. In one quick jolt my whole prick disappeared between his hungry buns.

Lou started jerking his strong pecker. The head was engorged with blood and swelling. The whole fucking piece of meat looked like a big ear of corn. His balls bounced around getting tighter and higher. They looked like grapefruit and I wanted in the worst way to plant my lips on them and work around them until I had tasted every part.

Lou's cock grew... and grew... and GREW. It swelled glistening wet with sweat -- monster meat growing into a powerful muscle, veins pounding. And then the cum started shooting out of that beautiful opening in the velvet red head. I swooned. Martin moved his ass wildly on my dick. The cum, slimy-sweet-salty cum, spurted out and into a large water glass. The big fuckin' meat jerked several more times and threw a few more wads of pearly juice in an arc through the air and into the glass.

As his monster cock started to subside Lou climbed off the chair and offered his cock-head to Martin to lick clean. As Martin worked his tongue, lapping up the pearly juices, I bent around Martin's body so I could place my tongue and lips on the base of his hard love-muscle and taste the good juice, the lovely juice, the oh so sweet juice, that juice of my newfound life.

Lou sighed deeply and pulled his clean cock away from us. He went to the kitchen counter and squeezed fresh oranges into a bowl. When he had squeezed enough juice for the three of us he added the orange juice to the semen he had just squirted in the glass. He stirred it up and then poured us each a drink.

"Gentlemen, to the good juice of life," was his toast as he raised his glass and downed it all. I was dumbfounded, but fascinated. Martin picked up his glass, nodded his head for me to do the same. Our glasses clinked and then we drank. The orange juice and semen slid easily down my throat and I knew I had found a new nectar of life. I would never waste my cum again whenever I masturbated. I would use it to feed my body again, to give it new sexual energy.

Lou went back to the kitchen counter and started beating up the pancakes.

Martin moved his ass off my stick and went into the bedroom, returning with a large rubber prick, a dildo, he called it. The damned thing looked larger than Lou's prick, and that was saying something. This dildo must have been at least sixteen inches long and I knew no one could take all of that. The circumference was about five inches, perhaps a little smaller than the circumference of Lou's mighty meat. However, Lou didn't like the idea of Martin using a dildo and grabbed it away from him and threw it back into the bedroom. Martin protested, but Lou held Martin firmly around the chest until he cooled down. "Look, you cock-hungry fucker, don't ever use anything artificial up your blazing ass, you hear.

There's plenty of fucking material around. You can't have my cock right now because I'm going to be busy, but I'll find something to take care of you."

Lou went to the refrigerator and rummaged through the drawers, finally pulling out a long fat cucumber. He ran it under some hot water to warm it up before offering it to Martin. Martin flipped.

"Heh, yeah, I never thought of a natural fuck with a cucumber."

Lou brought him some Crisco and Martin eagerly greased up his ass and the cucumber. He looked at me and pleaded, "Will you do me the honor?"

I assumed he wanted me to shove that green cuke into his ass. Martin climbed upon the kitchen table on his back, raised his legs in the air and I had a direct sight to his asshole, twitching and waiting for the pain. Martin had one hungry hurting asshole. Lou came over and twirled a finger around in the pink butthole and then gestured for me to ram in that vegetable prick.

I aimed the cucumber right at the pulsing hole and began to push. Martin took some deep breaths and moaned as the cucumber started its incredible journey into his burning hole. I could see the grimace on Martin's face and knew his sphincter muscle was being stretched pretty wide. He started to move his ass a little to help open his hole. I kept pushing and soon the cucumber was half in, then three quarters in, and the widest part of the cucumber had passed through the glory muscle that hurts so bad and so good at the same time. Martin was sucking the rest of the cucumber right up and the end was disappearing as his asshole tightened around the circumference and swallowed it whole. He moaned and moved his body around in ecstasy. Sitting up, he looked at me and smiled. "Thanks Eric, I'd love to do the same for you sometime."

I wasn't prepared for what happened because Martin leaped down from the table, rushed to the refrigerator and found another cucumber which he started to warm up under the hot water.

He looked at me with his eyes sparkling. "Look, I picked out a smaller one for you, Eric. You know it's time you get that beautiful asshole of yours stretched out and plugged up. There are glorious delights awaiting you at your back door, my friend, and what better time to start experiencing them than here with good friends."

Lou was laughing and beating his pancake mixture.

I was scared, but I was ready. I couldn't refuse anything after having drunk Lou's cum. I knew I could do anything with my body, and love it.

Martin helped me up on the table and I lay on my back with my legs in the air just like I had seen him do it. Both he and Lou dug into the Crisco and started massaging my asshole. Wow, it was good feeling those firm fingers exploring in my ass, kneading, greasing it up, sliding fingers inside and twirling them around. They had me so hot within a few minutes that I believed I could even take Lou. In fact Lou was pretty excited after seeing and playing with my virgin buns. His monster pecker was standing straight out from his body and he kept poking it at my asshole, but there was no way he could get his inflated pecker head into my little hole.

The cucumber came in slowly at first, and I felt my virgin ass tingling, then hurting. I closed my eyes in order to concentrate on that cucumber sliding in, and to listen to Martin as he whispered in my ear. "Open it up, Eric baby. Let it all relax so this green pecker can drive into your muscle all the way and give you beautiful, painful pleasure."

All the while Lou was massaging my buns, relaxing me, calming me.

Nonetheless I was sweating profusely. Martin kept talking. "One third of it is inside you now, baby. I'm going to twist it a little and you can feel how good it is." I groaned and my body arched into the air as this twisting fuck sent pain through my buns.

"Relax Eric, baby. I'm reaching the midway point. The cucumber is fattest right here in the middle and it is reaching your tight muscle right about now. Can you feel how good that is?"

Oh God, could I feel it. The fat wide green cuke-cock was stretching me... hurting me... but I liked that hurt. I wanted it to hurt more, just a little more, to send me into a world of joy, just me and that hurting pain in my ass.

"It's coming in, Eric baby. It's coming all the way in gently and firmly.

Gobble it up, eat that green cuke-cock baby, pull it up there in your warm rectum and die with good pain. Eat it Eric."

I squeezed my asshole and could feel every little surface quality of that bumpy cucumber. Right then and there I wished that it was a rock-hard

cock instead of a cucumber. I wanted it all... all... ALL! Lou's hands were burning hot on my buns; Martin's words were burning hot in my ears; and that damn cucumber was burning hot in my ass.

THEN IT ALL CAME IN. I DIED! I threw back my head, my body first went limp, then rigid, limp and then rigid. I squeezed so tightly with my little asshole that I was sure I had squashed the cucumber inside of me.

But no, I could feel it all there... ALL INSIDE OF ME... BURNING

HURTING... HURTING SO DELICIOUSLY. I began to realize why my blond friend Martin, with his own cucumber up his horny ass, loved to be fucked so much.

"You've got it, Eric baby. You've got the whole damned thing up your asshole. Your first good natural fuck, baby. Now you'll be ready for cock and more cock, and more cock. It feels so good, doesn't it, baby? Sit up here on the table and let me hold you tightly."

I sat up but not without great waves of pleasure shooting up out of my pussy and through my body. Martin wrapped his arms around me and began to squirm against my body. Then I remembered that he had a even larger cucumber inside his rectum and that we were both feeling the same delirium. We just held onto each other and grooved on the shared feeling of fuck -- pure, painful fuck pleasure.

Lou broke our special moment of sharing when he yelled at us to get our asses off the table because he was ready to serve the first pancake.

Martin lifted me gently down from the table and set me on a chair opposite him. We looked into each other's eyes and read the good messages flowing between us. We held on to each other and began to move our buns around on the chairs. Each movement set the cucumbers in motion which gave us more delicious pain.

Lou's voice startled me and brought me back to earth. "Which of you two ass mongers wants the first pancake?"

I yelled out that the first pancake was mine. I was ravenous with hunger, and within a few moments Lou was standing in front of me saying, "Open your hungry mouth and eat your pancake."

Wow... there was a steaming hot pancake wrapped around Lou's hard dick.

It was beautiful. I opened my mouth and couldn't get that scarlet mushroom head into my mouth. So I started down the side of his hard shaft and soon had the pancake eaten clean off his cock. It was a great sensation, what with eating cucumber-cock up my ass and now pancake-cock in my mouth.

The next pancake was for Martin and I sat back and laughed, watching him eat his way around this prick-stuffed pancake. We had never tasted better pancakes in our lives.

Martin and I must have eaten a half dozen each, however Lou hadn't eaten any as yet. He cooked himself up a stack and set them on the kitchen counter. When he was through he asked me to get up on the table on my stomach. I did and he put the pancakes and sticky syrup all over my buns.

Those warm pancakes and sticky maple syrup were plastered all over my skin, across my buns and down into the crack of my ass. Lou dived in with his mouth and fingers and polished it all off within minutes. Martin was going out of his mind watching, and finally joined Lou to clean up the sweet syrup on my body. Their tongues lapped at the syrup, tantalizing my asshole that was plugged full with cucumber.

Lou wiped the syrup from his lips and then dived back into my buns. He started to nibble at my pink asshole and my body began to flail around. I couldn't keep my asshole tight with his nibbling and sucking and pretty soon that green cucumber began to slide out and into Lou's mouth. He clamped on to it with his lips and teeth and began to twist it around inside my ass. OH GOD, CAN ANYTHING BE THAT GOOD!

Martin was busy running his wet tongue over my buns, teasing gently. And Lou held onto the cucumber and began to bob his head, which shoved that vegetable fucker back up my asshole. He did this several times very fast

and I thought I would pass out from the pain. I was beginning to wonder if my poor hurting ass could take any more of this fuck.

I could feel Lou's bristly face between my white globes, his teeth clamped onto that cucumber, his hot breath steaming my burning-stretching hole. And then, suddenly, he yanked the whole cucumber out in one movement. Shock waves rippled through my body. I tensed. I hurt a lot. I felt good. I began to relax into a stupor I had never known before. I didn't want to move for a long time. My mind was concentrating on the waves of rapture and sunshine shooting out my asshole.

CHAPTER FOUR

I didn't have too long a time to concentrate because my body was being lifted off the table gently and carried into the bedroom. Then both Martin and Lou massaged my body thoroughly, making me relax.

Martin was in heat after all the previous proceedings, plus the huge cucumber still stuck up his asshole. He flopped on his back on the bed and soon had the cucumber sliding back out through his pretty glory hole.

Then big Lou mounted him and I squirmed down on the bed to watch as that mean hard prick of his approached Martin's simmering buns. The cucumber had stretched Martin's butthole so wide I think you could have driven in a John Deere tractor. However, taking this torrid piece of baloney jutting out from Lou's crotch was not going to be easy.

Lou yelled for the Crisco and I ran back to the kitchen for it. It was my lovely job to smear gobs of grease all over Martin's eager asshole, which was hanging open like a steaming cave. I could run four fingers up inside him without him blinking an eye. That ass was hot -- feverish with lust -

- just waiting for the punishment it loved so much.

I ran my lips up and down Lou's monster horse-cock, getting it as hard as possible. Then, with a little Crisco smeared all over it, I pulled him toward Martin, whose legs were waving in the air, and aimed the hard rod right into his asshole. The head began to go in and to my surprise disappeared into Martin's seemingly bottomless pit. However, the cockhead was doing its damage, for I saw Martin's face screw up in agony and he yelled out for mercy.

There was no stopping Lou now. His huge hairy buns began to hump instinctively as he worked his cockhead deeper and deeper into the butthole he loved the best. I kept my hand on the cock shaft and realized that only the head was in; there was still about nine inches of driving pecker to go.

Martin was gallant. He held on like he'd rather die than take this dream fuck out of his ass right now. He moaned loudly and began to revolve his ass slightly trying to stretch that sphincter so the cock-head would pass through. The pain must have been great because Martin dug his hands into the bed and into my arm until I was crying out with pain. Lou kept on humping.

I ran my greasy fingers around Martin's stretched asshole and tried to massage him into a more relaxed state. The cock was making probing motions and sliding in ever so gently. Then the head of Lou's cock must have reached the sphincter muscle inside Martin's asshole because Martin yelled out with great pain, "Oh man... Oh man... This fucking cock is going to kill me. I want to stop... Oh no, please don't stop. Go ahead and kill me... Kill me... Let me die on this fuckin' big cock. I'm ready... Go ahead. Shove that big fuckin' meat head into me... Let me die with the pleasure... Oh, fuck me... Please... Fuck me... KILL ME WITH

THIS FUCK."

Lou humped real good. Martin screamed out again, "I'm dying, shit, I'm dying!"

When the big fleshy cock-head disappeared into Martin's asshole he yelled out again like he was really going to die in bliss. "Oh God... Stop for a moment. The head is... Let me get used to it. Oh man, I love it... I'm going to die and love it."

Lou held quietly for a long time. I squirmed up and held Martin in my arms and he kissed me wildly with abandoned lust. The sweat was pouring off his body. His eyes were pinched shut and he held me so hard it hurt me. But, soon, he began to relax. I massaged his body and it became less taut. He opened his eyes and looked into mine and I could see in that glazed look the fuck-high he was on. Man, he was really soaring up there someplace in a dreamland of cocks assaulting his ass. Martin was experiencing pure lusty pleasure -- and he wasn't finished with the experience.

As he looked at me and whimpered he also began to gently move his buttocks. He was maneuvering Lou's prick ever so gently further into his

rectum. I reached between his legs and grabbed the horse-cock to find that over half of it was buried up Martin's asshole.

Lou was heating up and could hardly hold off this slow process. He suddenly lurched with his big buns and drove about another three inches straight up inside Martin. Martin arched off the bed and mumbled furiously -- nothing of which was comprehensible anymore. He was really hurting. But, he was loving every precious moment of the pain.

Lou began some slow prodding movements and Martin came down out of his rigid arch off the bed and melted into the rhythmic movements. A smile crossed Martin's mumbling lips as he danced pleurably on this giant pecker-pole.

I was getting steamed myself and started stroking my cock. Thick drops of semen were dripping out my pecker head and I fed them into Martin's mouth where he let them caress his dry lips and tongue.

Lou's movements became stronger and stronger, deeper and deeper, harder and harder. I reached between their legs and discovered that the whole fucking cock was now buried, stretching Martin, hurting Martin, fucking Martin like he really wanted to be fucked. Lou's big balls bounced off of Martin's buns and I dove down in there to grab those balls and eat them like they were dessert after pancakes. My tongue also found its way around the base of Lou's cock and licked the juices streaming out of Martin's ass. He was so plugged I couldn't have gotten a finger up inside his ass alongside that hard meat.

I took the taste of those balls and ass to Martin's mouth with my tongue and the taste and smell made him even more randy. He started moving his ass around on Lou's super prick like a New Orleans whore. He bounced and twirled his ass on Lou's big pecker until Lou was sweating and whimpering for mercy. But Martin wasn't going to put off this gorgeous fuck high, not for anything in the world.

Still, all natural highs come to an end. That ass of Martin's was pushing the throbbing, swelling meat inside him to blast off -- and it did. Lou let out a scream, drove his pecker so far inside Martin that Martin momentarily

fainted; then the gusher let loose. Cum flowed out to soothe the hurting flesh. Beautiful pearly cum flowed out... and flowed out...

and began to trickle out around the pecker shaft and dribble over Martin's buns.

I buried my face in the cum and licked up the juices, smelled the juices, tasted the juices, shoved my nose and face into those sticky juices, swooned on the juices. Then my own juice began to run. I was beating hard on my swelled dick and it began to shoot. I just managed to swing my body around to let the cum spurt out of my pecker and fall on Martin's face and body.

My own brought him around and he came out of his faint. His eyes opened briefly, then his tongue shot out and he licked at the juices dribbling over his face. We all hung there for a moment, then collapsed.

I immediately went into a deep sleep. A long time later I was awakened by a shrill cry of anguish -- Lou had just snapped his limp pecker out of Martin's bruised bung-hole.

I rushed to the bathroom and ran a deep tub of hot water. Lou came in with his big dripping stick swinging back and forth in the air. I swooned just facing it even in this languid state. He let me wash it and dry it.

Then we returned to the bedroom to take care of Martin.

Martin was sprawled out, completely wiped out. Lou and I took his body and lifted it off the bed and carried it into the bathroom where we gently lowered it into the soothing hot water. He finally opened his eyes and murmured, "Thanks." Lou left to get a cigarette, came back and parked his big firm buns on the commode. I pulled up a chair and we all looked at each other, then began to laugh hysterically. Martin was laughing the least, but he was laughing. Lou and I could imagine how his ass was hurting. But, Martin didn't mind... he loved every minute of it.

Sometime later we managed to crawl back into our clothes. Martin was walking stiffly and we had to put ointment on his ass to help relieve his pain. He couldn't put his overalls back on because the material was too rough and

it aggravated his burning asshole. So he slipped into a pair of loose white shorts and a T-shirt. He had to stand because sitting simply was out of the question at the moment. We all laughed again.

Lou grinned at me, "Now, you've seen a real fuckin' ass take a real fuckin' prick!"

Martin grinned even wider and declared, "Yeah, and this real fuckin' ass ain't gonna take another real fuckin' prick like that one for a real fuckin' long time, no sir!" He looked at me and asked, "Are you going back on the road?"

I said that that's what I had intended to do, but I was so bummed out with fatigue that I would now take the bus the rest of the way.

Martin shook his head, "Look Eric, I can't sit down and drive that chattering pickup for no scratch in the world today. Maybe Lou would be good enough to give you a ride in to Centerville where you can catch a bus?"

Lou nodded his head -- his ass wasn't hurting, just his prick from being snapped at by Martin's hungry ass. He would give me a lift in to Centerville.

So, I said my goodbye to the randiest guy I'd ever met. We held each other closely for a few moments, like we had known each other intimately for a long time. I would try to get back to see Martin sometime -- that was a promise.

Lou and I got into his green pickup truck and took off down the driveway with beautiful blond Martin waving at us from the house.

The drive was a quiet interlude for both Lou and I. We had really spent ourselves back there with Martin. Lou looked at me with a gentle smile.

"Are you as thirsty as I am?"

I nodded and Lou pulled off into a little lane that led to a spring under a clump of willow trees in a pasture. We both got on our bellies, face down in

the cool water and drank deeply. The late afternoon air was warm and our bodies felt languid. We just lay on the grass for a long time soaking up the quietness and magic of the beautiful countryside.

Lou finally rolled over and looked at me. "You know, Eric, you have a pretty nice body on you and you have an especially beautiful pair of buns. I really get off on your buns. Someday I would like to fuck that little ass of yours."

My face must have shown shock because he quickly assured me that he didn't have any intention of raping me with his monster pecker. "No I wouldn't want to rip you open with this damned big prick of mine. You know, I really have a difficult time finding someone who can take the damned thing. Martin takes it occasionally. That horny little fucker really loves to be fucked, and he really knows how to use that ass of his. But once I've fucked him his ass isn't good for a week." He grinned.

"But, before I drop you off at the bus station in Centerville, Eric, I'd love to just kiss that sweet ass of yours once more. One of my favorite pastimes, besides fucking, is to rim a cute little ass. And man, you have a really cute God-damned ass."

His eyes were pleading with me. What could I do? I stood up and began to strip... my cut-offs, then my T-shirt. Lou stretched out in the grass and stared at me, pulling in all of my body with his eyes.

I stretched my every muscle and gave him a show that he would remember. I did my set of calisthenics, the ones I do every morning. I wanted Lou to groove on my body in motion. I realized that I was getting off on exhibitionism and I knew that I was getting to Lou because his pants were bulging with a swelling prick.

He motioned me to come closer. I stepped over his body so that my legs were on either side of his broad hips. Then I squatted slowly with my buns right in his face. His great muscular tongue darted up and began a slow massage of my buttocks. He found my asshole and worked his strong tongue in, deeper and deeper. I thought I would shit with the wonderful sensations flooding my body.

Lou was slobbering across my ass, kissing the hole, tickling the hole, shoving his tongue in and out, and my body was tingling with randy delight. I could see his cock jumping in his jeans and began to want to see it rise up strong and stiff like before. As he continued rimming me I reached out with my hand and unzipped his fly. He wasn't wearing any shorts and his big meat flopped out in the sunny spring air and my asshole twitched and contracted involuntarily with the sight of his enormous fucking machine.

"Can you come again, Lou?" I asked anxiously.

"You better believe it."

"I'd like to watch you jack off a load, Lou."

He wiggled from beneath my ass and smiled. "I'm all yours." His curly black hair glistened in the sun, as did the curly black hair around his enormous prick.

He got out of his clothes quickly. Stretching me out on the grass beneath him he stood over me and began to stroke his meat. The dark veins along the shaft stood out in heavy relief against the whiter shaft. The mammoth head expanded and I shivered at its beauty. His body began to tense. All his muscles, especially those of his sculptured pecs, expanded with lusty energy. The plump balls rocked with his strokes. They began to contract and I knew the jism was working closer to exploding up through that fleshy torpedo. He jerked at his prick. The muscles in his belly undulated and his body danced with the jacking movements of his hand and arm. His hungry eyes never left my body. "I'm going to cum buckets just for you."

And he did. The rich fuck milk spurted out of the enormous hole at the end of his pecker, shot through the air and splashed down on my belly. He came again and again, his cock jumping in the air as the gism leaped through the air and splashed on my squirming body.

Lou continued to stroke his shrinking prick, reluctant to be over with the sensational joy of coming. His body relaxed and his arms fell to his sides. The mammoth sweet prick relaxed too, and hung in a graceful arch out from his lower belly.

My mind was boggled with such animal beauty. It was even more boggled with delight when he knelt gently beside my out-stretched naked torso and began to lick up the cum he had shot all over my warm flesh. His tongue and lips searched my navel, my crotch hairs, the muscles of my stomach, my chiseled chest and tits, finding the liquid gift he had just presented me.

I closed my eyes and grooved on the delights of his cum, his lips, his tongue, his body heat and presence. When I realized that he was gone from me I opened my eyes to find him returning from the spring with a wet handkerchief which he used to wipe my body clean. The water felt cool and delight and helped calm my jangled nerves and pulsing pecker. I was so weakened from all the past experiences I wasn't sure I could shoot off even if I wanted to. I was satiated and content.

We pulled on our clothes lazily and headed back to the truck for the remainder of the trip to Centerville. I looked at Lou and thanked him with my eyes. "I really liked that a lot, Lou. I don't think I will ever forget the sight of you standing there shooting all over me. It was really great."

"For you, anything. You're so damned cute and sexy I would even do it again right now just for you. I don't know if this little fellow of mine would cooperate, he's had a pretty strenuous day. But, we would sure as hell try hard."

"Thanks Lou. I think I've just about had it for today. I just want to get on that bus now and go to sleep. Boy, I bet my uncle thinks I'm never going to get to the farm. It's sure going to be uneventful on the farm after this super trip."

CHAPTER FIVE

The green pickup truck bumped along the dirt road back to a paved county road that led into the city. Back on the paved highway, I rolled down the window to let my body bathe in the glowing yellow spring air. The breezes streamed refreshingly through my hair and body. I felt reluctant leaving his country of majestic trees, rolling green pastures, blooming orchards and lusty people. I had to keep reminding myself of the commitment I had made to Uncle Ross when I had seen him last Christmas, that as soon as school was out in May I would come directly to his farm for the summer.

He needed my help, he said, but, I don't really think that was the whole reason. Sure, I had been out to visit Uncle Ross before, but it had been only for a day or two, when Aunt Ellen was still living. She had died two years ago and Uncle Ross had not remarried.

I was glad to be on my way to Iowa and the farm. School didn't interest me very much, except for special subjects. The music teacher had given me lots of encouragement and now I was playing flute. I really dug my flute and carried it with me everywhere. I had it in my pack with me, but hadn't had the opportunity to play it for two days. As I remember, I had been very occupied with a whole new set of experiences -- experiences that I was ready for, eager for, hungry for.

I was a whiz in English and Art, but nothing else interested me except gymnastics. I grooved on developing my body like that of a dancer and athlete. Gymnastics was a beautiful dance to me, only I was using space as my dance floor. The other members of the gymnastics team began to shun me somewhat, to hold me away from them. I finally realized they were afraid and envious of my discipline and abilities. But I didn't really care. I was moving out into worlds I had never known and I was capable at this time of doing that without them. I respected and admired my instructors, but I didn't need to share my new athletic experiences with a buddy. It was totally impossible, at any rate. How can a magic be shared unless two people are equal and on the same plane? Two people never are, never! Two

people may be very close to being on that same level and when that happens that friendship and bond which develops is a very special thing.

I began to develop a very special bond with my gymnastic coach. When he had gotten me through all the basics, retrained my body and had me exposed to and committed to flying through space, we began to develop, a special force between us. I could feel it dramatically. Mr. Fellin was all coach -- an excellent coach according to his reputation and according to how I felt about his abilities. But there developed a point in my training when I became aware of a very human coach, not a mechanical one.

I felt his excitement along with mine when those mystical moments began to take place as I swung my body through the air. When I would come down after a routine there was none of the flatting me on the ass and telling me what a good job I had done. No, there wasn't any of that old jock bullshit. Mr. Fellin would be ready to catch me if I fell. When I came back down out of the air and onto my feet I could feel his body shaking slightly. His eyes would be electric and slightly wet -- I know because mine would be, too. But he would say nothing. Perhaps he couldn't. I couldn't say anything, either, because I knew that what I had just done in that routine had been right. In fact, it was more than right, it was close to perfect. And that's why we didn't have to say anything to each other because we both knew and understood the same thing. He would always challenge me to a set of tennis after gymnastics and we would go off to the courts.

Mr. Fellin and I developed a deep and close relationship. Besides my work on the parallel bars, we began to develop a dual floor exercise program.

After a year we were doing invitational exhibitions throughout the state and I really loved every minute of those times.

Because we had to travel together without trainers for these special exhibitions, we had to give each other our rubdowns after performances.

Mr. Fellin had a very beautiful dark-skinned body, well muscled, extremely graceful. I especially liked to rub his wide tapered back, massaging down the cleft of his lower spine. There was a fine patch of dark hair in the hollow just before his hard buns arched out into space.

Mr. Fellin also had exceptionally well-defined calf muscles which I would massage and loosen up after our strenuous floor exercises. I would spend a lot of time inspecting the muscles in those calves, tracing their formation with my fingers, swirling the black hair into soap rings. His feet were not long, but extremely wide, which gave him good balance. When I massaged his feet he would always squirm and laugh. His feet were too sensitive and ticklish to be played around with much.

Then Mr. Fellin would massage my body, working out the tension, always paying a lot of attention to my upper arms, shoulders and chest, which he said he thought were just about perfect. The amazing thing is that although we really grooved on each other, we never had sex together. When I go back to school in the fall, however, I know that our virgin scene will probably change drastically now that I have been brought out with canons blazing. I wonder what Mr. Fellin is doing this summer? I wonder if he thinks of me just as I'm thinking about him?

The truck braked to a halt at a stop-light just as we entered the city and I was jolted out of my revelries. Centerville wasn't a very big place; much like most small agricultural towns of about two thousand people, more or less.

Lou wheeled the pick-up down a side street and pulled up to a curb. "The bus station is right there around the corner; we can use the side door to the place right here," and he pointed to a double glass door just beside the pickup truck.

I didn't know how to thank Lou. I grinned at him and he understood that I was having trouble finding the right words. He helped me over my awkwardness by speaking first. "Look, take care of yourself, you hear."

Then he put his big paws on my thighs and squeezed hard, real hard. He cupped the crotch of my Levi's and squeezed a goodbye to my balls and cock. "And especially, Eric, take care of those beautiful buns. Don't just let anyone hurt that beautiful matched set, okay? Martin and I will miss you around here."

"I'll try to come back through here on my way home late in August, Lou.

I'd like to lay over for a day or two. I'm going to miss you and Martin, also. Tell that big dumb blond and his horny ass to take it easy."

Lou climbed down out of the pickup and carried my pack into the bus station for me. Pressing me gently on the shoulder he smiled goodbye and was gone out the door.

A big wave of emptiness swept over me. I had been with some good men the past two days and now suddenly I was alone. Perhaps it was best because I was weary and needed to be alone for a little while.

The information posted indicated there was a bus out at 8 o'clock that evening. That gave me about two hours to kill. I bought my ticket, swung my pack into a storage locker, dropped my quarter in the door and headed out of the bus station and up the main street to have a look at this farm town.

I hadn't gone two blocks when my legs started caving in with fatigue. I spotted a little park where I could relax. I was exhausted and when I stretched out on the grass beneath a gigantic sycamore tree I fell right to sleep. When I awoke the sun was setting and the blue color of the night were already stealing over the city. My heart jumped in panic because I didn't know the exact time and I could have missed my bus.

Leaping to my feet I jogged the three blocks back to the bus station.

The bus station was ablaze with light when I rushed through the doors. To my relief I still had one hour to wait. Gulping a big breath of cool air my body began to calm. I strolled over to a refreshment stand and ordered a Pepsi that I swilled down in about three big gulps. Waiting on one of the hard plastic seats I realized that there were only about six other people waiting in the station. There wasn't even a bus in the dock as yet.

I went to my locker, shoved in the key and pulled out my pack. Rummaging through it, I found a pair of long Levi's bellbottoms and a Levi's jacket. I was getting chilly and I knew the bus ride would be chilly as we rode through the night. I put the pack back into the locker and closed the door. I didn't want to spend another quarter to lock up the pack during the few

minutes it would take me to change clothes. Hopefully, nobody else would open that locker and discover my pack there. With only six people in the whole place it didn't seem likely. I headed for the men's room to change clothes.

There were only three johns and I picked the one that was unoccupied --

the doors being closed on the other two. I had my pants off when I noticed a huge glory hole in the partition to the next booth.

Unfortunately, it was stuffed with toilet paper. I knew there was someone in that next booth and I was curious as hell, so I quietly stood up on the toilet seat and peeked over the partition.

There were two guys in the booth. The guy sitting on the john was a gray-haired old black dude. He had all his clothes off, exposing a lean, flat-bellied body, with good flint muscles on him, like he'd done some hard work in his time. There were some tight wrinkles across his body, but they looked good.

This naked dude had his mouth pressed tightly around a twenty-year-old black's cock. From what I could see from my vantage point above the stall, that cock looked pretty long and hard as it slid in and out of the old dude's mouth. The guy had his eyes closed and was enjoying being sucked as much as the old gent was enjoying sucking him. I got a swift hard-on watching this scene.

As my horniness mounted watching the sucking number below me, my breath came in gasps. The guy must have heard my hard breathing, because he opened his eyes and looked at me in surprise. Instinctively he pulled back his ass, yanking his cock out of the old gent's mouth like he was about to fly out of the place as fast as possible. But he came to his senses in a flash, smiled back at me and stuck his cock back in the face of the old gent who gobbled that beautiful long black pecker deep down his throat. Then he pushed the toilet paper out of the glory hole in the partition and nodded to it with his head.

I climbed down off the toilet seat and plastered my eye against the glory hole. The whole cock-sucking scene was now right before my eyes, just inches away. I could see wet spittle clinging to the hard long prick and my dick started jumping with pleasure. The old man was slurping and making little animal noises in his throat as he anxiously ate fresh meat.

He knew that soon this dark meat would deluge his thirsty throat with the salty juices he needed. I could feel that every part of the old gent was into the sucking job he was doing, not only his lips and darting tongue and stretching throat and pumping head, but all of him -- his heart, his head, his belly muscles, his legs -- they were all part of and involved in the heady blow job he was giving.

The guy pulled his pecker away from the hungry old man and stuck it through the hole for me to admire and caress. Oh man, I caressed it --

with both hands, then my lips, then my tongue. It was a beautiful strong pecker and it obviously loved to be caressed and played with. But I really didn't want to take the load of cum away from the old man. He wanted this load, he had been working for this load, he deserved this load and I wanted him to have it.

I stopped my work on the cock and the guy pulled it back out of the glory hole, bent down and wanted to know if something was wrong.

"No man, but the old man has been sucking on you and he really wants you to come. Give it to him and let me watch him take you, ok?"

The guy seemed pleased. "Okay, man; I've got a big fucking load to give Jake and you can just watch the whole scene. Having another dude watch me gets me hotter than hell. I really dig demonstrating sex, man!"

He pulled his pants all the way to the floor, revealing the thickest, hardest-muscled pair of long thighs I've ever seen. His balls were hanging high and tight, small and loaded. He opened his shirt all the way. He had no belly -- it was all pulled in flat and sloped in mahogany, tones to a curly bush of black ringlets, out of which projected his lovely, long, quivering, rigid cock. The guy stroked it in front of my eyes, which were only inches away. He pulled

back the foreskin and from quick constrictions deep in his balls he made the dangerous velvet pecker-head swell up and smile at me. He opened the gash at his swollen head to show me the drops of love-dew waiting to be eaten.

The old man licked his lips, his eyes drunk on the feast before him, fully aware of the pleasure this prick would give him. But he was patient and let the guy exhibit all his glorious jewels to me, and to him. Soon the guy was stroking his prick in earnest, horny as hell, aroused by his own lusty display, his awareness that his sexy body was turning on two randy people.

The old man pulled the guy's hands away gently and slid his experienced old fat lips onto the toy he loved the best. He began his suck. His eyes closed, he ran the shaft into the pouches of his cheeks. He opened his mouth as wide as possible so I could see the dark, glistening cock sliding along his tongue. As the cock withdrew, the end of the old man's tongue flicked up to penetrate the slit and tantalize the teen with his stimulating touch.

I wanted dearly to shove my tongue through the hole in the wall for a piece of this suck action, but I restrained myself. This passionate show just a foot away from my eyes was to be a show and only that. I would not participate except as the fascinated voyeur that I was now.

The old dude gently pulled each of the teen's balls into his mouth, held them there and twirled them around ever so gently. He sucked on them, pulled on them, tickled them before he went back to serious work on the beautiful black pillar slapping against his cheeks.

The teen was getting pretty hot, I know, because he grabbed the man by his head and planted his cock between his lips, pushing as hard as he could. I saw the throat of the old man swell with the ramming in of the prick. His eyes watered and he moaned with pure pleasure. The teen pulled back and started a steady hard pumping action of his groin into the old man's experienced hot mouth. The old man had taken out his teeth so that there was only hard and soft muscle in his mouth to be fucked.

The teen moved faster. I could see his balls tightening up and then they practically disappeared into his groin as the old man's sucking forced the pent-up semen to rush up through his rigid pecker and out into the old man's

waiting mouth and throat. I saw the cock jump hard inside his mouth about ten times, then slacken. A moment later it began to jump again, but less urgently. The old man swallowed and swallowed. Again I felt his whole being pulled in that teen's sweet load and that precious load transported the old man to another level of awareness. He loved that cum so much: he ate that cum, savored that cum, licked his lips and the cock clean of that cum, and went sailing off into a dream world of his body and mind wrapped into a cum-high.

The teen pulled up his pants and put himself together. He bent forward and whispered to me, "Thanks, man, for watching... it got, me off good."

He chuckled the old man under his chin and whispered to him, "Thanks Jake, you're the best cock-sucker I know... you got class, man." Then he was gone.

I leaned back on the toilet seat and took a deep breath. Whew... that had been some sweet scene. My cock was pounding hard, my heart was pounding hard, my head was pounding hard; I was knocked out by watching that beautiful blow-job.

I leaned forward and put my eye to the glory hole again to see how the old man had taken the whole scene. He was still sitting there without a stitch of clothes, except for his black socks and shoes. He had his eyes closed, probably remembering how good that cock had been down his throat.

I was impressed at how great his sixty-year-old body looked. The waist was slim, the thighs full and sexy. The great full mouth and liquid eyes gave his face an intriguing, gentle, pensive look.

Finally I stood up and shoved my pecker through the glory hole.

Immediately I felt those beautiful full lips and gums of the old man grab my cock and start a warm and wet sucking up and down my cock. I wanted to shove my balls and entire asshole inside his mouth also. I closed my eyes and grooved into his hot sucking -- slow, determined, aware sucking. I began to have fantasies of him surrounded by cocks of all ages and all sizes, slowly sucking them all off, taking their loads, eating their cum.

I could see some of the cocks overheated from watching his artistic sucking and they would shoot their semen in arcs through the air onto his dark body. Pearls of white cum glistened on his brown chest and belly.

Just then I heard someone come into the restroom. I hurriedly, but reluctantly, pulled my cock out of the old man's mouth and sat back down on the john. I heard whoever came in go into the third stall. The next thing I heard was a hard steady stream of piss hitting the water in the commode. I sat back and took it easy.

When I heard familiar slurping noises again I bent forward and looked through the glory hole to see the old man sucking away on a cock offered him through the partition opposite me. Wow, my adrenaline couldn't stop pumping through me.

There seemed to be some problem that the two of them discussed through the partition. Finally the new fellow left his booth, the old man opened his door and the guy hurried his partly clothed body inside the booth with the old man. I was surprised to see this new guy was a black teen only slightly older than me. When he dropped his pants and swung his pecker up into view I was really envious because he had a beautiful long fat dick. He saw me watching him through the glory hole and seemed to get off on that. In the next moment I realized what the earlier problem had been. This slim beautiful teen not only wanted his cock sucked, he wanted a rim job done on his asshole and that was pretty hard to do through a glory hole.

He whipped his body around, dropped his pants all the way to the floor and bent over, with his tight asshole right in front of the old man's face. The old man shoved his master-tongue out of his mouth and buried it between the teen's black buns. That old man not only knew how to expertly suck off a hot cock, he knew how to rim a hot asshole as well. My asshole began to twitch and contract watching his tongue tickle the ass muscle of his black fellow.

To my delight the old man halted his rimming and pulled the teen's body nearer the glory hole. Soon, his sparkling little asshole was pressed against the partition and I darted my tongue through to taste his muscular delight and to whiff the randy ass. But, putting a tongue through a glory hole and

into a buck's ass takes a lot of work for little results. Therefore, I stood up, spit on my cock and rammed it through the glory hole and into the fellow's waiting asshole. Wow, he opened that muscle hole up and let me slide in fast. I rammed in hard. I shoved and I humped and the poor fellow was puffing with good pain and the awkward position of bending over. I heard the old man making his slurping noises and knew that he was on top of the teen's thumping cock and doing his beautiful thing.

The fellow started to move his hard buns around my pecker stuck in his shit hole. His movements became less conscious and more spontaneous, indicating to me that he was getting very hot and bothered. When the rim muscle of his ass began to grab onto my hard pecker and contract, I knew he was ready to shoot his gism into the old man's mouth.

What a sensation that was... to have his ass contracting and squeezing my stiff meat as he threw a creamy load down the old man's gullet. My balls started aching and in a flash there was an explosion through my pecker like Fourth of July fireworks going off. My heavy spunk shot into his ass with crashing force, lubricating his whole hot rectum and my lurching cock. I came... I splashed all over inside his dark ass and it felt wonderful.

He drove his ass back onto my lance as far as he could, burying my shooting stick far into him. I collapsed against the stall partition as my legs went weak. I was brought to my senses by the old man's tongue searching under the balls of this fellow all the way to his asshole to sucker up some of my cum juices that were squishing out his asshole. The old man pulled on the guy's body and slid him off my prick. He turned the teen around so that his ass was again in his face and proceeded to lick up the juices in his asshole. He spread the buns as far apart as possible and dove into the hole, licking, sucking, slurping. The fellow gave him my entire load. He squeezed those rectal muscles, pushing with everything he had and forced my warm cum out of his ass and into the old man's mouth. The old man went crazy, moaning, crying, eating up everything he could get his hungry fat lips and tongue onto. Pearly white cum from a white teen through this black teen's fiery ass -- all for the old black gent.

I was weak... exhausted. I collapsed on the toilet seat, sweating. This day had been too much for me... for anybody. I heard the teen in the next booth

pull on his clothes and silently leave. The old man continued to sit there, happy; he looked exhausted, but in ecstasy. I certainly was exhausted, but also in ecstasy. However, what I needed right now was fresh air. I pulled on my clothes -- the clean bellbottoms and my Levi's jacket -- rolled up my cut-offs and left the stall to wash my hands.

While washing my hands I watched in the mirror as the door of the old man's stall opened. There was no one else in the restroom, thank goodness! He was playing it risky and I was nervous about the whole scene.

His door completely opened and there he was sitting naked, with his big dong hanging between his legs. He moved his body forward on the commode so that his dong hung over the toilet seat and the damned thing started reaching for the floor. Man; this was another real museum piece of pecker. I kept my cool and watched nervously. The old man picked up his dangling hose in his right hand and started massaging it lightly. The damned thing stretched out a mile and soon was standing up, looking me meanly in the eye. I was fascinated by this big beautiful old prick. I could imagine all the good times it had had in its sixty-odd years. And, now it was ready to show a teen like me what a big hot pecker could really do.

He stroked -- long and easy strokes. The cock was twice as big as his big hands. The head glistened like polished ebony wood and I could almost smell the good randy odors from its cum-wet slit.

The strokes became stronger and a little faster. The old man's eyes twinkled with delight as he watched my fascinated stare. He knew he was getting me off again. And his knowing was getting him off. He stroked...

stroked... STROKED.

Then it came... big gobs... all creamy white gobs... shooting through the air and onto the floor... beautiful thick delicious-looking gobs of cum.

He stood up when those gobs began to shoot, arched his pelvis forward and let the tantalizing semen sail through the air and crash to the floor. I was shaking with the thrill of this devastatingly outrageous sight.

I looked at the beautiful old sexy black dude with a look of thanks man for this great three-ring performance; but man, your performance is so overwhelming that I have just got to get out of here and clear my head!

CHAPTER SIX

I rushed out of the rest room and into the passenger waiting room on weak legs. Fortunately nobody was watching as I stumbled to the door and out onto the sidewalk to gulp fresh air. The clock above the door indicated it was almost departure time and that I had better get my pack together and see about my bus.

Just as I re-entered the station a stream of people came through the back door. They were heading for the restrooms, the lunch counter, the water fountains. These people all looked disheveled and sleepy. More than that, they looked absolutely bored.

I checked at the information counter to make sure that it was my bus that had just pulled in and was emptying its passengers. I retrieved my pack from the locker and headed for the loading gate. The driver was not there

-- perhaps he was having a cup of coffee like many of the other passengers. I stood in the cool air feeling weak throughout my entire body, thinking about the nice soft seat I was going to sink into and go to sleep. According to the schedule, with the other change-overs that I had I would not reach Des Moines, Iowa, until early the next morning.

Passengers began to stream back toward the bus and boarding, bringing along their coffee or soft drinks in plastic cups. Several people had thermos bottles under their arms.

Finally the driver arrived. He noticed my pack and opened the door to the luggage compartment of the bus and I helped him toss it in with all the other luggage. The driver was a middle-aged red-haired Scandinavian with a ready smile. He asked me where I was going. I showed him my ticket from which he tore off a section, motioning me onto the bus, and I scrambled aboard. About midway back on the right side there were two empty seats that would allow me to stretch out and go to sleep. I had hardly snuggled in and gotten comfortable when all the other passengers got

aboard, the driver started the motor of the bus, and we were soon out of the station and leaving the lights of Centerville behind us.

The rocking of the bus lulled my weary body. I glanced out at the sky which was now indigo. There wasn't a star or a glimpse of the moon as yet. The people in the bus were quiet, some reading newspapers by the light of the lamps over their heads. A young girl had a transistor radio pressed to her ear and I could hear the strains of a song by Bread. I wanted to ask her to turn the sound up a little so I could hear it better. Finally I coughed loudly, she glanced over at me, I made gestures which she understood and she turned it up. The music sounded terrific.

The rolling of the bus over the hills felt terrific. I felt terrific --

tired, but terrific. I just let my body melt into the plush seat and into the plush music, and soon I was sleeping.

Was I dreaming? Yes, I had to be dreaming. My body was flying in exceedingly slow motion between silver parallel bars. I was wearing a silver leotard that gleamed and sparkled as though it were jeweled. My body had been rubbed with a rich perfumed oil and then massaged until my skin gleamed and sparkled like it too was jeweled. I was flying so high -

- too high -- I became frightened. My fears melted away just as soon as Mr. Fellin reached out and put one hand firmly on the small of my back and the other hand firmly on my hard stomach. His voice trailed off in gentle whispers. "You're okay, Eric. You're flying a little higher this time. Don't be afraid... don't be afraid, don't be afraid." His voice became inaudible, but I could see his lips moving, phrasing the words over and over again.

My heart settled down and I began to enjoy my body soaring through a very still space. There was no sound, just the light brilliantly reflected from my silver suit and the flowing light pouring off my gleaming body.

It felt good... very good... it was completely pure and perfect.

I decided to extend myself and try a new movement. However halfway through the movement I got that uneasy feeling again in my stomach --

that little tinge of fear. But Mr. Fellin appeared again, his lips moving to form the words which I could not hear but I knew he was saying, "Don't be afraid... don't be afraid." I completed the movement, then seemed to disappear into space.

Several times during the night the bus stopped in cities to pick up passengers and to discharge passengers. I would open my eyes briefly, make my bus transfer, then fall back to sleep. It wasn't until the next morning as we were pulling into Des Moines, Iowa, that I finally woke up, sluggish, very lethargic, but certainly rested after my previous day of strenuous new experiences.

Dismounting from the bus, I picked up my pack, waved goodbye to the red-headed bus driver and started for the cafeteria and some food. I was starved.

Des Moines is a good-sized city and therefore the bus station was very active, even at this time of the morning. The cafeteria was full of people, not only people that were traveling, but I suspected many of the local townspeople who came here for breakfast either before going to work or after finishing a night shift.

After shoving my pack into a locker for safe keeping I got in the line of people selecting food in the cafeteria. My stomach was growling fiercely, eager for the fresh coffee and frying bacon whose odor filled the air.

When I had my eggs and bacon and milk and juice on a tray. I found a small unoccupied table at the far end of the room. The food tasted terrific and I went back to the counter for more milk and juice.

The steady hum of people in conversation floated above the smells of food being prepared and eaten. Many people seemed to know each other...

obviously the locals. There were many well-dressed middle-aged people, many young people in blue jeans, a lot of people in their work clothes.

The whole scene was interesting to me. However, I didn't see any farmers, or certainly no one in overalls. I was of the opinion that this was strictly farm country. I supposed that I was underestimating the size and

sophistication of Des Moines when I had looked it up on the map at home before starting the trip.

I decided it would be a good idea to give my Uncle Ross a telephone call to let him know that I had arrived in Des Moines. A cashier gave me a handful of necessary coins and I dug out the telephone number from my billfold.

Uncle Ross answered the phone, bursting with excitement that I was going to be there later that day. He told me that he would send one of his hired men into town to pick me up and that I should wait patiently; it would be about an hour and a half. It was really good hearing Uncle Ross on the telephone... he sounded great. I was anxious to be with him again.

One hour and a half to kill. There was a small amusement gallery in the bus station, however, at this time of the morning it was not open. Then there was a bookshop, but, it was not open either. I began to wonder how the toilet in this big city bus station would stack up to the one in the bus station back in little Centerville. I could still remember vividly the sex scenes viewed through a glorious glory hole.

I walked into the restroom where two fellows were standing beside each other at the far end of the urinals. I moved, to the closest urinal and took a piss. Glancing down at the other two fellows they eagerly revealed their hard-ons. I backed away from the urinal just a little so that they could both get a good look at my prick, which was starting to stand up and throb. One of the buys walked over to stand at the urinal beside me.

When he reached out and began to play with my dick I felt an electric current sear through my body. This fellow's own prick was a healthy specimen with a slim, pointed crown of a head.

Just then the door of the restroom opened and a couple of young teens came in, laughing and joking. I shoved my hard prick as best I could back into my pants and zipped up. There were rows of toilet stalls around a corner from the urinals which I began to inspect. There were many coin stalls, plus six free stalls at the far end of the rows -- three stalls on each side of the room, facing each other. None of the stalls had doors on them -- they were wide

open. Walking past these open stalls I was aware that several were occupied. I took an unoccupied one.

After puffing my pants down, I noticed that two of the stalls opposite me were occupied. In one was a blond-haired college student type, about twenty-two years old. His hair was long and he was wearing a pair of overalls and a tie-dyed shirt. His face was very smooth, except for a silky blond mustache. He really turned me on with his fresh complexion and long blond hair. He had dropped his overalls and jockeys all the way to the floor, giving me a great view of his long legs covered with silky blond hair. I couldn't see his crotch because he was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and had one hand covering his cock.

The fellow in the booth next to the blond was a little older, perhaps thirty. He had on a blue work uniform and I suspected he was a mechanic because the uniform was a little dirty with grease. His husky body showed lots of brown hair, especially over his legs and arms. His blue shirt was unbuttoned and the sleeves rolled up. Under his white T-shirt I could see the dark hair on his belly and chest. He was leaning forward also, therefore I couldn't see what his cock and balls looked like.

There was a guy sitting in the booth to my right, and I think to my left, also, but I couldn't remember what they looked like. The two fellows doing the urinal bit followed me to the stalls, but they were perhaps turned off by the public nature of the set-up because they both left.

Personally, I was intrigued with the public nature of the situation, and I had a roaring hard-on.

I played a little with myself, trying not to be too obvious, but obvious enough. The blond student glanced over at me several times. I noticed that his hand began to stroke his cock gently and I was getting anxious to see what his prick looked like.

The mechanic wasn't coy, or didn't have much time, for to my delighted surprise he leaned back against his commode, shoved his ass forward on the toilet stool and revealed his short, fat, juicy, hard cock. His balls looked like hard rubber balls, very tight and very fat. He breathed in big gasps of air

and began to stroke his prick with one hand, while with the other hand he pulled up his T-shirt and massaged his hairy belly and chest. He kept pinching his big titties, which obviously turned him on.

Well, the whole scene was certainly turning me on.

While watching him exhibit his practically naked body and hot nuts, I spontaneously stroked my heated cock. The blond fellow got the message, because he stood up with his beautiful prick jutting out at me. His cock was like the rest of his tight body, fresh like white milk. His crotch was all glistening blond hair -- golden and precious. He pulled up his T-shirt, revealing a softly curving tummy, little ripples of muscles flowing from tummy up to his pecs which were flat and wide with fat wide, rosy nipples. His whole body glowed with golden vitality. Two sets of hot nuts in front of me at only 8:30 in the morning. I loved it.

The blond guy was getting into an exhibition scene. He began to hump his ass and move very gently, but surely, just like a stripper. His legs were planted far apart and each time he made those little bumps the muscles in his belly would ripple. He held his long slim pecker in the fist of one hand and bumped into that hand like he was fucking a good male ass.

I leaned back on the toilet seat and let it all hang out. My prick shot up against my belly and I had to hold it down so that it wouldn't drip cum-drops all over my belly hair. I opened my legs wide, leaned back, and just let my prick and balls jump enticingly for all to see.

The mechanic got to his feet, jacking on his pecker and licking his lips at me like he wanted my prick for his breakfast. The blond teen got inspired and began to really hump and bump his body, like a burlesque dancer coming to the finale. He turned his body to the side so that I could watch his big cock ram into his fist. That position also gave me a side view of his small flat ass. His buns were hard and small, tipped forward from the bottom, which made his cock and balls jut out. The cock was not fat, but it must have been eight beautiful golden inches long. I saw the cum juice begin to dribble from the head of his cock.

The mechanic turned around in the booth and leaned over the toilet seat, exposing his big round buns, absolutely hairless. They were fat, tight, hard, round buns -- globes of alabaster that met thick thighs covered with mountains of curly hair. And there, right in the middle of those twin matched globes of smooth hairless hard buns, was a pink eye staring at me. This ass muscle was twitching for action.

I looked at the blonde guy and nodded my head in the direction of his adjoining booth. He got the message because he stepped forward and looked around his partition. His eyes bugged out when he saw the mechanic's big ass moving around in the air, waiting to be plugged with a good prick. He cleared his throat and the mechanic stood up and turned around. Seeing the blond fellow pulling at his dick he stepped forward to give the teen a good look at his husky hot body.

I stood up and stepped forward to the edge of the stall so I could have a better view of what I hoped was going to happen. Looking to my right and to my left I was aware that the two fellows sitting on either side of me were on their feet, pulling away at their peckers and getting horny as hell watching the same performance that I was. I paid little attention to them, however; my eyes were glued to the scene in front of me.

Only then did I think to myself, my God what happens if someone walks in!

The fellow in the stall to my right must have been thinking the same thing, because he pulled up his trousers and put himself back together.

Walking past us he whispered, "I'll watch!" He moved down along the row of stalls to where one would turn to go back to the urinals and ultimately the door. From that vantage point he had a good view of the door and could give warning if anyone came toward the stalls.

I was pretty nervous about the whole scene, yet I also was aware of the fact that being afraid was getting me off. All the risk in this public place was making my adrenaline run hard, getting me high.

The blond teen motioned to his cock and the mechanic took a good look at it, his eyes lighting up. The blond fellow bumped and ground his golden

prick into his hand. Then he placed both his hands against the sides of the booth for support and began to rotate his hips slow and sexy. This made his cock draw lusty circles in the air. Man, I wanted to fly through the air in one of my gymnastic routines on that beautiful cock.

The mechanic was smiling and drooling at the mouth. His buns were contracting. The guy to my left was leaning forward with his hot pecker hanging out for the world to see. The guy to my right, who was standing on guard, took quick glances back at the fuck scene, grabbing at his crotch occasionally while pacing nervously.

The mechanic stepped a foot or more out from the stall until he was in full view of the blond teen whipping his cock around in the stall. The mechanic turned around, revealing his rotating ass, bumping and grinding like the blond, inviting a cock to come play in his ass. The blond was now drooling with the beautiful sight of those fat hot buns teasing him.

He moved closer to the mechanic until his belly was touching the white ass, his cock shoved between the mechanic's legs, the cockhead showing beneath the mechanic's fat balls.

My prick was dripping all over the place. I wanted them to join, to fuck, to help them throw their loads. The blond fellow's golden body against the baby white body of the mechanic was perfect counterpoint.

The blond was steamed up and ready to fuck. He spit into his hand and rubbed it up and down his golden shaft. He spit again into his hand and rubbed it into the crack of the wondrous ass he was about to plug. The mechanic leaned over, pointed his asshole in the air like a target, and the blond teen drove his arrow prick into that bullseye in one clean hard shot. The mechanic wheezed loudly with pain -- man, that long cock hitting all the way in one wild stab had to hurt like hell.

The mechanic hurriedly pulled his ass completely off the cock, squeezed his legs together tightly to alleviate the first burning pain, screwed up his eyes and puckered his lips in a grimace of suffering. He pulled his buns together tightly, constricting the hurting asshole. He rested, and after a minute began to relax and again offered his ass as a target for the golden-arrow prick.

The blond fellow came in easier this time. His eager prick shoved all the way to his balls. He pulled his prick back almost all the way out and rotated his hips like a hooker, teasing the mechanic's puckering asshole with the ruby head of his cock. Then he slammed it all the way back in.

The mechanic screwed up his eyes in pain, delightful pain, which forced him not to move his fat globes off the meaty thresher up his rectum. It seemed as though he had wanted this fuck for days and now that he was plugged with the meat he wanted so much, nothing was going to prevent his perfect pleasure to the end.

The college guy reached above him and placed both his hands on the metal brace at the top front of his booth. He lifted his body slightly off the ground so that he was standing on his tiptoes. This elevated him in perfect line with the mechanic's quivering ass. Backing off so that his cockhead was tickling only the ass rim, he suddenly pulled out, dropped quickly on his knees and planted his wet lips and tongue directly in the firing range.

This was a real heavy sex scene and I was just about ready to drop my load right there in the toilet of a bus station in Des Moines, Iowa, at eight-thirty in the morning. The guy to my left was standing just in front of his stall now, working off his big pecker, licking his lips, wishing to get into the action. He was a tall dude, about six feet three inches tall. His pecker was in proportion, about ten inches long, with a deep curve toward the floor. He was so hot, I expected him to spill his load on the floor at any moment.

Meanwhile, the mechanic was wiggling his ass all over the blond's face.

The blond had his mouth open wide and he was lapping at the smelly fuck hole, eating the juicy muscle, ramming his tongue as far into the velvet shit tunnel as he could get it.

He finally came up for air, with his face all wet with saliva and sweat.

His cock was standing so hard it practically pressed flat against his belly. He had to push it down, raise himself on his tip-toes again, hang from the bar above his head to position it right on the mechanic's wet asshole. Wham! He was home all the way. WHAM -- he hit again and the mechanic

shivered with pain. I could hear their bodies slam together, flesh against bare flesh. Man, he was tearing this fellow up and down with his long golden cock. WHAM... WHAM! Then he shot. His body kinda doubled over in the indescribable pleasure of coming. His eyes shut tightly, he threw both his arms around the broad shoulders of the mechanic and instinctively humped the love juice deep inside his rectum.

He was sweating, his legs trembling from the great explosion of gism.

The fellow on guard down at the corner row of stalls now had his cock out of his pants and was busy stroking it, his eyes darting back and forth from the fuck scene to the other part of the toilet, making sure no one walked in unexpectedly and caught everyone in various compromising positions.

The blond teen finally came off the round white ass globes with his pecker making a huge slurping sound as he pulled it back through the gates of horny pleasure. The spent prick hung half hard, its head flowing with new blood, the balls pulled up tight and now gently beginning to descend. The prick looked even more tempting and beautiful in its spent stage. I held back the tremendous urge to rush forward and gobble the dripping cock in my mouth, licking up the left-over juices. I was really getting turned on to cum juices.

The mechanic crouched in his doubled-up position, trying to get back his breath, when the fellow to my left started across the small space dividing the booths and pushed his long cock into the mechanic's ass.

However, just then we got a danger signal from the man standing guard and everyone scuffled back into their booths, pulled up trousers, and sat back down on the toilet seats as though nothing out of the ordinary was taking place.

A butch-looking truck driver type came in and sat down next to the blond.

He was tall, husky, red-headed, wearing a T-shirt, jeans and a pair of engineer boots. He had hardly planted himself on the toilet seat when he began to feel the horny vibrations of the place. His pants had been up over his knees, but now suddenly, he dropped them all the way to the floor,

opened his long husky legs and gave me an eyeball shot at his heavy dick. Feeling confident that our new friend was boiling with morning randiness, I relaxed and dropped my pants to the floor, giving him a good look at my legs but still letting him wonder about my prick and balls, which I kept concealed with my hands.

His eyes took me all in before he settled down to concentrate on the booth to my left. I remembered how hot my neighbor was, and probably still was. Obviously he must be showing his hard-on because the truck driver's prick began to make little leaps into the air, swelling slowly and persistently. My friend to my left was now standing up, just at the edge of his stall, shirt open, pants down, so that his whole long slim body was absolutely naked, and he was pumping on his randy cock teasing anyone who cared to watch.

The blond was carefully cleaning his cock. The mechanic was playing with himself, still in heat, still needing his ass plugged more. Our guard was still carefully on duty.

The truck driver motioned to the fellow to my left that he wanted to suck him. He licked his lips and stroked the air. His cock was now standing at attention... fat... a beautiful fat cock. It couldn't have been over six or seven inches long, but it must have been all of that in circumference.

I wondered if our mechanic's hot asshole would have liked to have been rammed full with this portly prick. I wondered if I could get my lips around its stout girth.

Red then pulled up his trousers loosely, scuffled across the floor and dropped on his knees, gobbling up my neighbor's ten inches of stiff meat.

This cock-sucking scene was only three feet away from me and making my nuts ready to burst.

The red-haired trucker knew his sucking -- he slid the pecker so deep down his throat he was choking. His head began to bob fast, hungrily; he wanted that cum. My neighbor obliged in a matter of few minutes. He was so simmering with hot cum that he could hardly hold back. His eyes were crackling with the fire of sperm working up to be blasted out his meaty fuck

machine. Then he began to shoot. His body humped a thick load down the red-haired fellow's throat.

The blond fellow had been watching everything casually, cleaning his cock, pulling up his overalls, brushing his golden locks into place, getting ready to leave. He stood in the booth, watching the suck scene in front of him. His face showed his fascination, and I could see his cock rising in his overalls once more.

To my surprise he came forward, told me to stand up and then went down on my cock all the way to my balls. He sucked, he slurped, he tickled. His golden tongue massaged my hot pecker, then my aching balls. I couldn't hold off any longer -- with a great gasp and moan my nectar flowed and filled up his mouth. He swallowed and sucked some more on my spent pecker, getting every drop of sweet cum that he could.

As my joy juice flowed into this golden student's golden throat, the truck driver finished off my neighbor, who now stood with his lovely limp pecker hanging in the air, cooling off.

I was spent. The golden boy kissed me gently full on the lips, then left.

I collapsed on the toilet seat with my head between my hands. Cooling off for me was difficult; my cock did not want to subside. Finally, I cleaned it and stuffed it back into my jackets. Pulling up my pants, I was aware that my partial hard-on was hard to conceal -- my pants were jutting out in front. Putting my prick in the up position, laying it against my belly, was the best I could do to conceal it.

Pulling myself together, I waved goodbye to my randy friends and ambled out. Re-entering the waiting room of the bus station I plopped into a convenient chair to pull my head together and to let my cock cool down. I was sitting in that same chair a few minutes later, daydreaming, when I became aware of a voice speaking to me.

"Hi, I like your body a lot. And I really got off on your cum." It was the golden-haired college fellow who had taken the chair next to me. I couldn't say a word; I didn't know what to say, I was so surprised. His voice

surprised me too -- it was as mellow and golden as his hair. My blue eyes gently met his blue eyes. My cock was swelling again.

"I'd like you to come home with me. I want to strip you naked and caress your beautiful body with my fingers, with my tongue, and with my cock. I want to suck you again. Do you like to be fucked?"

I thought quickly that perhaps I would like that very much after experiencing Cal's fingers up my ass, and a cucumber at Martin's, however, I didn't know how to answer this young man who excited me so much. So I just shrugged my shoulders.

He didn't seem put off. "Hey, look... my name is Roger, and you know that you turn me on like crazy. Unfortunately I have classes this morning and I have to leave for school right now. However, if you'd like to get together with me and make some beautiful love, I'm here every Thursday and Saturday evenings about seven o'clock. If you're interested, just be here. I'll be real nice to you!"

He smiled and I kinda melted. I smiled back. Then he was gone.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The ride to my uncle's farm was beautiful, slow, invigorating. Iowa spring air was caressing my body. My prick still hadn't cooled completely, but then, I had never experienced things like those which had happened the past two days.

Sam, the driver of the car, my uncle's hired man, was quiet. Sam didn't appear to be the talkative type. I couldn't even tell if he liked me initially or not. He was very cordial, but not very revealing about himself. The only thing revealing about him was his size. With a lank and wiry frame, he must have stood about six feet four inches tall. The color of his skin was red-bronze; he had been in the fields a lot and his face, hands and neck were wind burned and tanned. I wanted to know as much as possible about the people I was going to be living with for the next three months, so as we rolled down the highway, I studied Sam out of the corner of my eye.

Sam was leaning slightly against the door of the car, and out the open window, a cowboy hat pushed down hard on his huge head so that only long tufts of reddish-brown hair jutted out beneath the hat around his ears and back of his head. A long narrow scar ran from beneath the brim of his hat on his right forehead, ending at his high bony cheekbone. This man was all angles -- no curves. Still, he moved like quiet water. I would catch him taking long slow glances at me out of prickling blue eyes. The sun wrinkles around those crystal clear eyes would then dance in a smile.

Even when he was contemplative, simply watching the road as he drove, I noticed that the entire area around his eyes was warm and eager to dance.

Finally he smiled hard at me. "Your Uncle Ross sure has been waiting impatiently for you to get here, Eric. He's been a little worried."

"Well, I'm here... nothing to have worried about as you can see." Plus, I was wiser and more experienced than the last time I had seen Uncle Ross.

Sam continued. "Well, you see your uncle is one of those men who takes his responsibilities very seriously. You're his responsibility for the summer and he will worry about you like only he is capable of doing. He's a damned good man. You're lucky having an uncle like him."

"You must like him a lot, Sam."

Sam's voice purred affectionately, "Yeah, I like him a lot."

"How long have you worked for Uncle Ross, Sam?"

"Let's see... I guess it will be about ten years this summer. Your uncle gave me a whole new life when I came to work for him."

"Are you married, Sam?"

"Nope."

"Doesn't it get awfully lonesome out here in Iowa without a wife, especially during the winter?"

"Nope, not for me."

"Don't you like women, Sam?"

"Generally no, not very much." Then he looked directly into my eyes. "How about you, Eric, do you like women?"

Sam's piercing blue eyes made me very nervous and his question made me even more so. "I don't know... I don't think so, not anymore!"

We were quiet for a long time. Sam finally turned to me casually, "Did you have a good trip out here, Eric?"

"Yes, I learned a lot on this trip... I think you would probably have enjoyed it as much as me, Sam." I was teasing; still, every seriously, I had the feeling Sam would get turned on hearing about my trip. Maybe some day I would have the opportunity to tell him about it.

In a small town about a half-hour out of Des Moines, Sam pulled into a little restaurant and offered to buy me a mid-morning snack, a ritual in this part of the country. We sat down at the counter and ordered fresh homemade lemon pie and Cokes. I had to take a piss, so excused myself before our order arrived and went into the restroom.

I checked myself over in the mirror, combed my hair, then took a piss at the urinal. I was standing there with the piss stream flowing hard when Sam walked in. Momentarily, the piss stopped flowing with the shock of seeing him there, then began to flow again.

Sam strode up to the urinal, hauled out a long meaty pecker and pissed. I could hardly take my eyes away from his prick because of the huge veins running down the shaft, plus its bulky length. His piss ran hard and steady out of the fat angular head. Sam looked over at me and smiled.

"We're going to get along real well this summer, Eric, just as long as you keep that pecker of yours in your pants." Then he zipped up and went back into the restaurant. I zipped up and followed him, intrigued by what he had meant by his statement. When I got back inside the restaurant Sam was casually eating his pie and never glanced at me all the time we ate.

At the farm Uncle Ross was waiting eagerly for me. He hugged me closely and commented on how much I looked like my mother. My mother had always been his favorite sister. Uncle Ross put his arm around me and walked me into the big kitchen of the white frame house. After he served me more home-made lemon pie and milk he sat down and took me all in with his brown eyes. "Eric, it's really good to have you here. I have a million things to tell you, to share with you. I want you to know all about the farm and have a good summer here. No, I'm not going to work you too hard."

I laughed and stuffed my face with the good pie. Uncle Ross was even more handsome than I had remembered. His soft brown eyes sparkled constantly, proclaiming his love for life. I had forgotten how husky and brawny he was. His blue cotton shirt was open, revealing a soft mat of silky brown chest hair. The jeans he wore sat on solid hips without a belt to hold them up. When he turned and walked to the refrigerator for more milk for me I

noticed how full and brawny his tight ass was. I got off watching his buns move up and down as he crossed the kitchen. I knew I could get a hard-on just watching my uncle's sexy body.

"Then you had a good trip, eh Eric?"

"The best trip I could ever have wished for, Uncle Ross." My horny eyes were feasting on his full crotch as he walked toward me with the milk and I wondered what his prick and balls were like. I must have looked very quizzically at him because he frowned as he asked me, "Is anything wrong, Eric?"

I looked up and smiled, "On the contrary, Uncle Ross; everything is perfect."

"Good boy. There are several people you have to meet who work here on the farm, besides Sam, that is. However, they're all out helping a neighbor today. Frank raises chickens and his new brood arrived today and my men are giving him a hand. I'll tell you what we can do; I'll show you where you'll be bunking. When you've put all your things away, come down to the main barn where I'll be working this afternoon and I'll show you around this place."

I went back to the front porch for my pack; Uncle Ross led me to the upstairs of the white farm house. My bedroom was opposite his. Sam slept down at the end of the hall with an entrance from an outside stairway, plus, there were several other empty bedrooms.

Uncle Ross deposited me in my room and left me to get settled. I put things away in the dresser, then stripped of my sweaty traveling clothes and pulled out a pair of clean cut-offs to wear. There was a long full mirror on the closet door and I looked over my body as I put on the cut-offs. I decided to take off my jockey shorts and not wear any underwear.

My cock showed dramatically against my leg through the material of my cut-offs. If my cock got hard, however, I knew I would have trouble not letting the cock-head peek out under the left leg of the shorts. The cut-offs had buttons on the fly and I noticed that one button had popped off.

That was good, because it allowed some of my crotch hair to show. I put on a tank top that was cut so low the nipples on my pecs were exposed. I felt very sexy.

When I arrived at the barn, Uncle Ross was busy cleaning and polishing a saddle. He looked up at me when I entered and I saw his face go a little pale. "Wow, Eric, your body has really filled out a lot since I last saw you. You're a very handsome man now." He was obviously impressed by my body. "You must have been working out in a gym to be so well-developed at your age?"

I pushed my hand deep into the pockets of my cut-offs which pushed my cock and balls forward and made them more obvious. "No, but I've been on the gymnastic team the past two years and that's helped with my development. Sometime I'd like to show you what I can do on the parallel bars."

"Well, Eric, I would like to see that very much. I suspect you're very committed to gymnastics to have developed your body this much already."

"I love it, Uncle Ross. I have a very good coach who thinks I have the makings perhaps of an Olympic contender. Next year he's going to let me try out for some international games."

"Well, you're pretty good then. This coach must be very proud of you."

Uncle Ross' eyes were taking in every inch of my body and I noticed that the interesting bulge in the front of his jeans was growing larger. I sat down on a stool opposite him and watched him rub saddle soap into the leather. "Do I get to ride homes when I'm here, Uncle Ross?"

"You sure do, Eric. This saddle is for you for the summer. Why don't you help me with the polishing?"

I grabbed a cloth and began to work the leather preservative into the saddle. Uncle Ross continued to work beside me and told me that Sam was driving to another farm in the morning to pick up the home that he had just purchased for me. If I wanted, I could go with Sam and pick her up.

"Eric, why don't you climb into this saddle and see how it fits you. I hadn't expected such a grown-up man as you this summer, this saddle may be a little small for you."

I climbed into the saddle and it fit perfectly. I was excited by the feel of the leather through the material of my cut-offs and on my bare legs.

The good leather smell was pungent and sexy in my nostrils. I sat there, my mind drifting away on the good times I would have riding horseback, when Uncle Ross' voice brought me back to earth. "You sit that saddle very nicely, Eric. However, I would suggest that when you get your horse tomorrow and begin to ride that you wear jeans or something that will keep your prick from hanging out like it is."

I glanced down to see the head of my dick peeking out from under the material of the cut-offs. The moment Uncle Ross made mention of my cock the damned thing began to get hard. I put my hand down to cover it up, but it was no use -- it was bulging for the world to see.

"Let's go up to the house, Eric. I have something I want to give you that you can wear. If you go around the farm sporting a hard-on like you are now, you're going to have everyone pretty upset around here, including me. It's not that I mind, it's just that it's pretty hard to concentrate on work; you know what I meant?"

Walking back to the house, Uncle Ross put his arm around my shoulders and I knew I would never be able to get my hard-on to go away. His arm was heavy and warm and I could feel his strength all the way down my back and into my prick. I consciously put my arm around his waist. The feel of his body swaying with each stride was like music, like sounds from my flute.

I could feel his hard muscles undulating beneath my fingers. I squeezed ever so gently and he responded by squeezing my shoulders and smiling.

In the house he took me to my room and excused himself for a moment. When he returned he was carrying a jockstrap. "This isn't exactly clean, as

you can smell; I wore it last Sunday when I played softball. But it should do the trick for today. Here, Eric, put this on."

I put the jockstrap to my nose and inhaled the sweaty maleness of my uncle, which made me very excited. I must have looked uncomfortable because my uncle finally excused himself so I could be alone to change into the jockstrap and he went across the hall to his own room.

I pulled off my cut-offs and slid the jockstrap over my balls and hard dick. The strap held everything in place and I wouldn't have any more trouble with my cock showing, not that I really cared. In fact, it turned me on a lot letting it show.

When I was dressed and going out my door I noticed that Uncle Ross had left the door of his bedroom open just a trifle. Quietly I peeked inside to find him standing completely naked in the bathroom at the opposite end of his bedroom. His buns were perfect -- round and hard, jutting out with male strength. His long hard thighs were covered with silky brown hair.

He was standing in front of a full-length mirror in his bathroom, running his hands over his balls and cock. Soon he was pulling on a good-sized hard pecker, his eyes closed, working up his cum. I couldn't believe this scene. My uncle had gotten turned on by me, but was afraid to make any advances. So here he was jacking off in front of a mirror. I wanted desperately to run in there and fall on my knees in front of him and slide my hungry mouth over his urgent meat. I wanted to suck on his big hot balls, to run my tongue over those rigid mounds of ass flesh and into his asshole. I wanted to bury my face in his sweaty armpits. I wanted to kiss him and run my tongue deep inside his mouth.

But, I did not do any of these things. Instead I stood there and watched in awe as his body swayed in front of the mirror. He would suck in his belly and get hard. His pecs firmed up and his full thighs thick with tension. His whole body flowed together in one undulating dance of male lustiness. His cock was heavy, but standing up robustly, aching to explode, to discharge, to have rest again.

I pulled at my jockstrap, feeling my anxious dick, droplets of cum oozing out onto my belly while watching my uncle jack off his load.

Pull on it, Uncle Ross... wiggle your beautiful ass... Shove that cock into your fist, man... Work it up... Let it come... Oh baby, let it come... Lusty juice, sticky creamy juice, shoot your fuckin' juice, flow up, flow out... Shoot... Shoot... Oh shit man, shooooooooottttttttt.

Yes... it's coming... It's coming... My God, it's coming all over the fuckin' place. Cum, you fuckin' sweet juice... All over the mirror you good sweet juices... ya... ya... ya... ya... ya... It's so goooooood.

My body was trembling witnessing the gobs of cum torpedoing out of his beautiful pecker and onto the mirror. Hurriedly I walked back downstairs and ran out to the barn. Picking up the polishing cloth, I continued to work on the saddle, my mind shooting off onto pictures of my uncle's beautiful body in the middle of that bathroom shooting off his gusty load. I really had trouble with my prick now... it would not go down...

it would not forget the scene of jacking off... it would not let me concentrate on polishing the saddle. I had to have some release.

Tearing off my pants and shirt, I climbed into the saddle, still wearing my jockstrap. The leather shot sexy sparks up though my legs and ass. I pulled the jockstrap down under my balls and began to move in the saddle like I was riding horseback, at the same time fucking my fist. The smell of leather and the smell of the jockstrap was driving me crazy with lust.

I swayed in the saddle, shoving my blazing pecker into my tight fist and then, POW, my load shot out five feet through the air into the hay! Cum splattered over my hand and over the saddle. The smell of cum on the leather was intoxicating. I leaned over and let my tongue lap up the pungent cum from the smooth leather saddle, gobbling tacky cum juice. The taste of the leather and cum caressed my throat, sliding its way into my belly. I lay down in the hay to regain my composure, then hurriedly dressed in case my uncle returned.

When Uncle Ross walked back into the barn we finished work on the saddle together. He glanced at me and asked if the jockstrap fit. I replied that it was exactly the right size. Just knowing that the jock had cupped my uncle's warm genitals and now was cupping mine made me feel good all over.

Later that afternoon he and I drove the pick-up into a small town about five miles away and did the grocery shopping. Ordinarily Uncle Ross didn't have to do the shopping but the fellow who did the cooking was away on family business and would not be back for several days more.

Returning to the farm we began to get some supper together, since the other men would be in soon. As the chops were cooking, a pick-up truck pulled into the farm yard and three men got out and came toward the house.

Barney was an older man of about fifty, all weather-beaten and full of jokes and laughter. Uncle Ross introduced him as the hired hand who had worked for his father and had lived practically his entire life on this very farm.

Tinker was a short blond fellow in his middle twenties, whose eyes sparkled with mischief. He reminded me very much of my golden-haired college friend in overalls that I had met, intimately, at the bus station in Des Moines just that morning. However, Tinker's body was a little huskier and his hair shorter. He too, was a hired hand and had been working on the farm for about four years.

The third fellow's name was Frank. He was a short, plump man of about forty-five, with graying hair. He owned the chicken farm next to Uncle Ross' farm, and had driven Tinker and Barney home. Everyone seemed to be in good spirits. I looked for Sam but he didn't appear. The swell of good cooking and the sound of happy voices filling the kitchen flowed joyfully through my body. Everyone sat down, ate heartily, and then courteously excused themselves. Frank drove home; Barney and Tinker headed for a small bunkhouse just behind the main house. Uncle Ross and I did the dishes together, watched a little television, then turned in for the night.

Lying in my bed, caressing my smooth body, I thought back on the many events of that day. Seeing my uncle jack off had been a real shocker, but a very pleasant one nonetheless. What remained in my mind clearly was the

good spirit of the farm, the simple joy of the men who gathered around the table for meals. I felt already that this was a good place to be and that I would be comfortable here.

I stretched out on my bed and threw the blanket off my body, letting the air flow through the open window to caress me to sleep. However, it didn't help me go to sleep at all. Rather, my blood started to boil. I ran my hands gently over my body, especially over my clean-cut pecs and tight belly.

Remembered how much I liked the look of Uncle Ross' body this afternoon. I got out of bed and fumbled for a candle that I had brought with me. I didn't want the electric light, but rather the soft mellow light from a candle to illuminate my body reflected in a long mirror. The candle lit, I spread my legs and stood on tiptoe, watching my muscles swell. I pulled in my hard belly as far as it would go, which allowed me practically to span my waist with my hands. I kneaded the belly muscles, but it was impossible to grasp onto anything because there was absolutely no fat. I tightened my chest and flexed my arms. Work on the parallel bars had given my entire upper torso extremely good definition and I felt proud of the fact as I viewed myself.

Remembering that I had brought along some musk oil, I got it from the dresser drawer and began a deliberate, slow massaging of my body with the oil, until my skin glowed. In the candlelight the skin tone gleamed light brown. My hips were moving in a leisurely circle and I got off watching the mellow light play over my lithe muscles.

Turning my back to the mirror I again stood on tiptoes, flexing the muscles of my buns. I studied carefully their contours and I decided that the shape of my buns was one of my best features. They were small and round, not bulging. And they were hard. There was a definite depression, like a large dimple, on the side of each bun, which flowed into the curves of my narrow hips. A light down of glistening blond hair began at the curvature of my spine, flowed very gently between my buns and became more apparent as each hair gained darker tone on my thighs and calves.

When I bent over, my buns separated and I could see the mysterious hole, still virgin to a cock. I spread my cheeks to watch the contracting spasms of my asshole. I wanted to push a finger inside there and tickle the hole; instead, I got off watching the puckering hole.

I could also see my balls hanging below my asshole. The strong ass cord flowed down from my ass crack to tie my balls together. My fingers caressing that tight sac made my balls contract more as blood flowed into my rising pecker. I loved the sound of the word pecker and whispered it out loud several times: pecker... pecker... pecker... pecker... pecker!

Imagine my shock just then when the door opened suddenly and there stood Sam looking at me; my body bent over in front of the mirror, buns spread, my cock hard as steel.

I stood up in fright. Sam looked shocked for only a moment. He was wearing only his jeans, his smooth muscular upper torso and chiseled head towering over me. In the candlelight he looked immense and virile. Slowly he closed the door behind him and leaned against it, crossing his legs lazily and folding his arms. I could just barely make out the features of his face in the dim light. "I came in to tell you I'm leaving at seven o'clock in the morning to pick up your home. Your uncle said you might want to go with me?"

I heard myself stammer. "Y... y... yes."

Squinting in the candlelight, I saw his features move slightly. "Yes, you are going with me?"

I was barely audible. "Yes, I will go with you... yes."

He continued standing, unmoving, for what seemed a very long time. I didn't move either. My cock didn't even go down. Then I heard him say,

"Good night, Eric."

He opened the door quietly and as he was leaving I replied, "Good night, Sam."

CHAPTER EIGHT

My whole body began shaking and I fell back into bed. I needed a blanket to warm my shivering, frightened body. I realized that I had been frightened and excited all at the same time. I wondered what Sam had felt

-- thought. Remembering what he said about seven o'clock in the morning I rushed out of bed, found my alarm clock which I set for six o'clock, blew out the candle and dove back into bed. It took me a long time to go to sleep that night.

Dragging my sluggish body out of bed at six o'clock the next morning was a supreme effort. By the time I reached the breakfast table, linker and Barney had already eaten and were out doing their chores. Sam was finishing his third cup of coffee and Uncle Ross was busy frying my pancakes. My eyes met Sam's eyes; there was that same dancing of the muscles around them, but no indication of embarrassment or even chastisement of me for the previous night.

Soon Sam and I were in the truck pulling along a horse-trailer through the morning freshness. I wasn't used to such early hours and the movement of the truck put me right back to sleep again.

When I awoke we were pulling into a farm with many horses grazing in the fields. A guy about my age came out to greet us and showed us where to back the trailer in order to load the home. My eyes fell out of their sockets when I saw the beautiful horse that my Uncle Ross had bought for me. The thought that this home was going to be mine for the summer excited me very much. Wow!

Sam was smiling openly at my pleasure.

"What do you think of this animal, Eric?"

"Sam, I can't believe it. That is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Sam grinned. "Horses are one of my specialties, Eric, and your uncle let me pick this one out for you myself."

"What's her name?"

"Her name is Cycle and she's just three years old. She's been broken; I did that myself and this fellow Mike has been riding her every day, getting her ready for you. When we get home I'll teach you all about taking care of her."

I was ecstatic -- I wanted to kiss Sam.

Uncle Ross came out of the bar to meet us as we pulled in with Cycle. He flipped out like I did when he saw the beautiful horse. We let her out into the pasture for the remainder of the morning and Sam and Uncle Ross began teaching me the things I had to know about horses.

At the dinner table I was unable to concentrate on the conversation around me and soon everyone was teasing me about being in love with a horse, mind you. I didn't care and spent the entire afternoon learning to saddle, bridle, mount, dismount, and ride Cycle.

After supper that evening I went to my room early to read about horses in a book Uncle Ross had given me. A long time after I had been in my room reading, there was a soft knock on my door. When I opened it, there was Sam. He came in and sat on my bed and answered questions that had come up in my reading. I was very impressed with his knowledge of horses, especially Arabians.

At one point I wanted to make some notes, and forgetting that I didn't have on any pajamas I jumped out of bed to get the paper and pencil. When I returned to the bed I realized that I was naked and that Sam was staring at me hard. His gaze made me tingle and I jumped back in bed and pulled the blanket over me to conceal my uneasiness. I wasn't so embarrassed being naked in front of Sam, especially after he had seen me the night before. He was so big and manly that he simply made me uneasy with his pure physical strength. Sam noticed my apprehension and asked me if anything was wrong.

I lied just a little when I replied, "I don't think I'm going to be able to go to sleep tonight. I'm pretty excited yet about Cycle."

Sam chuckled and replied, "What you need is a good hot bath and a massage and you'll sleep like a log, believe me."

He went into the bathroom and ran hot water into the tub for my bath.

When he came out I was still sitting up in bed, huddled under the blanket, hugging my legs against my body. "Now you go into that bathroom and soak your body in the hot water. When you're finished come out here and I'll give you that massage."

I pulled the blanket around me and walked toward the bathroom. Sam laughed at my newfound modesty. The hot water felt tremendous and all the muscles in my entire body began to relax. I nearly fell asleep and was only prevented from doing so by the voice of my Uncle Ross. He pushed open the bathroom door and grinned at me. "Sam tells me that you're all wound up about your horse. You aren't going to fall asleep in the bathtub, are you?" He knelt beside the bathtub and clasped my wet arm gently. "Look, Sam knows what's good for all of us around here, believe me. When you're through in the tub, let him give you a massage and you'll fall off to sleep, you hear? Sam is going to do it exactly the way he does it for me... and it always works for me. Good night, Eric; sleep well."

As soon as Uncle Ross closed the bathroom door I pulled my languid body out of the tub to discover I didn't have a bath towel. I pushed open the door and yelled for Sam to throw me a towel.

"Come here, Eric. I have the towel. I'll dry you as part of your massage."

What could I do? I had to get dry and Sam had the only towel. There was no more time for false modesty. I walked into the bedroom with the water still glistening on my body. Sam came toward me with the towel, which he wrapped around my wet torso. I realized then that I was only as tall as his shoulder. He began to briskly rub me dry, a little roughly to get the warm blood rushing to the surface of my cool skin. I had never been dried by a man before. It was a very groovy experience.

Imagine my surprise when he picked me up in his arms and took me to the bed. Laying me gently on top of the blanket, he unwrapped the towel so that it was underneath me and I was on my stomach. He propped a pillow under my head, pulled my arms up away from my body and slightly spread my legs. "Now you tell me if I'm too rough with you, ok? My hands are kinda big and callused and I forget that they aren't as gentle as I would sometimes like."

When his soothing hands came down on my body I found it hard to believe this was the same strong man who had commanded and controlled a horse earlier today. Perhaps the home also understood the gentle quality in these strong hands. I felt like putty, like dough, as though my body was being reshaped by a sure, strong sculpture. Sam worked lotion into his hands and then into my skin, which enable him to knead, rub, stroke, manipulate all my muscles. The moment his hands touched my body I knew I wouldn't be able to refuse this man anything he wanted. I tingled, and began to feel a fire kindle at the base of my spine. The fire sent lightning into the base of my cock and asshole. Great drums sounded through my buns. Sam could completely engulf each bun in each of his hands. His firm squeezing of them made clay out of me. I heard his voice penetrate my thoughts. "Are you okay, Eric? I'm not hurting you, am I?"

I couldn't find my voice. Instead I moved my head slightly, which reassured him that I was fine.

His hands moved down my legs and I burned with passion under his touch.

Never had I ever been touched by another human being before that gave me such pleasure. "Turn over on your back, Eric, and I'll massage the front side of your body."

I turned over, completely unmindful of the fact that my prick was as hard as a rock. Sam didn't even seem to notice -- but I'm sure he did!

His hands came down again on my upper arms, then my chest. He worked more lotion into my skin to enable him to manipulate according to his desires.

My face broke into a responsive smile as he moved across my belly. He smiled back gently and continued his firm massage.

As he worked up my legs I was sure that he would touch my balls. When he did, electric currents rushed through my spine. He touched them softly, then squeezed them hard. "You are a fine-looking man, Eric. All of us here on the farm want to make you as welcome and as comfortable as possible."

After that statement I saw his big curly head bend forward and his full lips slide onto my cock. His mouth was so large that I could hardly feel the back of his throat at first. His tongue massaged, caressed, explored, tickled -- my cockhead bloated with new force. His right hand was still massaging my nuts, which tightened for action. Sam didn't hurry, didn't get carried away in wild heat. He sucked on my cock with easy simple pressure, his eyes closed in a state of natural enjoyment. His head started nodding up and down, stroking my prick with his mouth, knowing that eventually I would give him my load of cum.

My hips began to rotate slowly as his left hand moved under my buns and held my pelvis closer to his mouth. My balls were touching his lips, which were warm and wet. Suddenly I was aware that both my balls were also being sucked into this strong man's huge mouth. He was sucking my entire treasure trove. I couldn't begin to explain the sensations running through my body and through my mind.

I flung my head back on the pillow and allowed his massive hand to control my buns and hips. His impressive mouth had complete control of both my balls and cock. It seemed as though the heat of his throat was growing. Little spasms of delight started dancing at the base of my cock, to be immediately replaced by urgent spasms. I felt the explosion mounting. WHAM. There it was... WHAM... WHAM. Cum was spurting into Sam's mouth and he was eating, swallowing, sucking me dry. My body arched tensely for a full minute with the exquisite lushness of this beautiful blow job. My mind was completely awash with colon of delightful cum. Sam continued holding my shrinking peter in his mouth. As my torso relaxed he let my body back down onto the bed. Licking his wide full lips he grinned at me lovingly, "You'll be able to sleep well now, Eric... and so will I."

Pulling the blanket over my weary body, he kissed me tenderly full on the mouth and disappeared though the door and down the hall to his own room.

CHAPTER NINE

I slept until almost nine o'clock the next morning. No one was around; everyone seemed to be out about their business. I went to the kitchen and got myself some cold cereal for breakfast. Just as I was finishing the cereal Uncle Ross walked in from the barn.

"Good morning, Eric... Sleep well?" He couldn't hide a broad grin on his face.

"Yup, I slept like a log, like you said I would. Sorry I slept so long.

Where is everybody?"

"Well, Tinker has gone to town to buy water pipe. Barney is up on the bluff looking for a newborn calf that came in last night... Sam is with him. Me. I just gassed up the tractor and came in to see if you were out of bed as yet. I thought you might like to let your horse rest this morning and go with me up along the fence line. I'm taking the tractor to pull a wagon full of fence posts. We'll dump them along the fence line so that later the men can replace posts."

"Will you let me drive the tractor, Uncle Ross?"

There wasn't any sweat about that. Uncle Ross gave me some instructions in driving the tractor and I soon had myself a driving job. So, off we went up along the fence line between the cornfield and a pasture leading to a wooded area. We dumped about forty new fence posts, then headed toward a spring in a little gully.

The water in the spring was very cold and clear. It didn't taste like the water in the city at all... this was sparkling clean and sweet. Uncle Ross took off his shirt, which was now wet with sweat, and splashed water on himself. A little further down the gully from the origin of the spring the water widened out into a little stream. Uncle Ross walked down to it, stripped off all his clothes and was soon in the water up to his knees.

The water was not deep, but it was deep enough to bathe in. Without even thinking about it I followed Uncle Ross, throwing my clothes onto a tree stump. When I tossed the jockstrap over my head Uncle Ross roared out with laughter.

We both stretched out on our backs in the water, letting the frigid stream run over our hot bodies. Uncle Ross had his head thrown back, taking in the mid-day sun. I became very conscious of his firm body and took a good look at it. My uncle was one hell of a handsome man. I especially liked his narrow hips and the fullness of his legs. I wondered how those legs would feel wrapped around me. I immediately tried to wipe that thought out of my mind because I knew it would make my cock rise, and sure enough it did. I was so happy I didn't really give a damn. The next time I glanced over at Uncle Ross his prick had gotten hard also. It was even more beautiful in the sunlight than when I had seen him, jacking it off before the mirror the previous day.

Uncle Ross kicked his feet in the water and splashed me. I returned the compliment. In a second he tore out of the water and pounced on top of me. Instinctively, I wrestled back and we went tumbling through the frigid shallows. I couldn't believe how strong he was. He wasn't more than a few inches taller than me, but his arms were big and they were strong. I fought back, but not too ferociously.

Just as quickly as he had begun to wrestle me, Uncle Ross stopped and I found myself pinning him against the bottom of the stream, water lapping at his chin. He held his head high so he wouldn't drown. I looked at him for a long moment and then kissed him quickly on the mouth. He looked straight into my eyes and said, "Thank you, Eric; that pleased me very much."

He pulled himself from beneath me and out of the water. Pulling on his clothes, he said it was time we go back to the house and make some lunch for the men who would be coming in hungry. I asked him if it would be okay if I stayed in the water for a little while and walk back to the house later. I promised I wouldn't be longer than an hour.

As Uncle Ross drove the tractor over a little knoll and disappeared in the direction of the farm buildings I spread my body in the icy water.

When I began to shiver I scrambled out and did my calisthenics. The physical workout under the full sun helped warm my body and made me feel very alive. Sweat began to appear on my body from the strenuous exercise.

Just then the pickup truck appeared over the knoll, pulled up a few yards from the spring and Tinker jumped out. "You're really working up a sweat there, aren't you, Eric?"

"I thought you were in town."

"Well, I was but I'm back. I bought some pipe in town that we're going to use to draw some of this spring water to another watering hole for the stock." He began to drop pipe off the back of the pickup onto the ground.

"You know, you really look damn good without any clothes on. You know something else, you could get raped running around nude like that." He was now leaning suggestively against the open door of the pickup truck.

"Yeah... who the hell is going to rape me in the middle of a pasture in Iowa?"

Tinker slammed the truck door shut and walked toward me. "You never know; perhaps some blond hired farm hand who is hornier than hell."

He stopped just a foot away from me, grabbed my head with both hands and kissed me hard on the mouth with his tongue searching inside my mouth. I was stunned. Just as suddenly he sat back on his heels with his hands on his hips. "Well, what do you think of that?"

"I've had better!" I was surprised at my own statement because he had kissed me like I liked to be kissed. Maybe it was his cockiness that made me sarcastic.

He gazed at me straight in the eyes. His right hand slowly moved to my chest and he lightly trailed his fingers over my nipples and down across my tight belly. He continued to look me in the eyes, and when he noticed my swallowing hard he knew he had me going. "You like that, don't you?"

"Yes... it's okay." I wouldn't give him the complete satisfaction he wanted.

Next he threw off his straw hat, bent forward and tenderly began kissing my face. I could smell his sweaty manhood as his lips left soft, wet kisses on my nose, my eyes, my forehead, my cheeks, my ears, my neck. His bristly golden cheek rubbing lightly against mine made my heart pump fast and hard. "You like that, too, don't you?" His eyes were dancing.

"It's okay... I liked it a little, not too much."

He leaned back and frowned at me. "I notice you aren't exactly tearing ass out of here, right?"

"I don't have to run. I'm not afraid of you."

"You think you can handle me, huh?" There was a quizzical look on his face.

"Sure, I can handle you!" My heart was pumping hard, and I wasn't too sure that I could really handle Tinker. This golden-haired farm dumber was really beautiful, but he was too damned cocky. I wasn't going to give in to him one inch.

Tinker snickered slowly. He backed about six feet away from me and began to take off his wide belt. My head buzzed because I didn't know if he intended using it on me. I was glad when he dropped it to the ground. His Levi's were tight and he had to tug hard on them to get them over his low hips and thick legs. I could see his golden cock and balls peeking out from beneath his blue denim shirt. But he couldn't get his Levi's over the boots until he sat down and pulled them off. I stood unmoving, prepared not to back down, my prick already half-hard.

Tinker slowly unbuttoned his shirt, enhancing the feast of the unveiling of his body. His shirt dropped to the ground and he stood in front of me, covered with glistening blond hair from head to toe. I found it hard to breathe normally.

Flexing his muscles, he walked in a tight circle around me, exposing his small tight belly, thick golden legs, wide deep back flowing into a beautiful hard ass, a long thick cock reaching for the ground, leisurely getting hard. Massive golden curls made a halo over his head and the base of his majestic cock. My cock was stretching out and I had no control over it. He grinned at me broadly. "You still think you can handle me?"

"Of course -- if I want to." I turned my back on him in a gesture of pure contempt and walked back into the water.

I wasn't prepared for his sudden action. Both his arms caught me around the chest and pulled me out of the water toward a log. Wrestling back proved almost futile; Tinker was too damned strong. Before I realized what was happening he sat down on the log, turned me over his naked legs and I felt his belt come down on my bare ass. Three loud swats of the leather and my ass was burning with pain. I cried out, kicked, squirmed, but I could not make out of Tinker's firm grasp. I could hardly believe my own reaction when I began to sob with anger. "You son-of-a-bitch, let me go."

As suddenly as he had nabbed me and whipped my ass, Tinker now released me. As I stood up I instinctively hauled back my right arm and doubled up my fist. My quick, hard blow caught Tinker on the left side of his jaw, reeling him off the log and onto his back. I remember distinctly the sound of my fist cracking against his jaw, the sound of his body hitting the pound, then silence. Staggering in pain toward the water I also remember hearing Tinker's voice moaned in surprise, "You little bastard!"

He caught me just as I walked through the water and reached for my clothes. We both catapulted down into a pile on the soft wet earth beside the stream. I was so angry I flailed out, striking him over and over on the head and on the chest. He wrapped his bare long legs around me and squeezed. The wind was being wrung out of me.

We rolled and rolled and soon I was unable to do anything, for I had no wind left in me. We lay for a long time with Tinker's legs wrapped around me in a tight vise, both his arms around my upper torso, immobilizing my arms. I realized that we had rolled partially into the cold spring water and that it was cooling our fiery bodies and fiery tempers.

My head began to clear. The mud was caked on my skin, my ass was burning from the blows of the leather belt, my body was nearly immobile because of the leg and arm grip Tinker had on me. I lay still, my body and my head both numb.

Tinker relaxed his legs and arms from around me... I could now breathe better. We lay exhausted, not moving. Tinker moved a hand from behind me over my cheek and ear, brushing away the mud. Then I felt him kiss me long and tenderly on the back of my neck. Spontaneously I kicked backward and upward with my right foot, catching him a glancing blow just at the base of his ass and balls. He pushed me away hard, jumped up cursing, turned and walked back toward the pickup truck.

I rolled into the water and rested for a moment. Sitting up was painful because of the leather bums, so I had to roll over onto my knees to wash the mud off my body. Out of the corner of my eye I caught glimpses of Tinker drying himself with a feed sack that he brought from the truck. A fleeting desire to go to him and hold him ran through my mind, but my body would not respond.

The water cleansed me, cooled me, dissipated my anger. Pulling on my clothes, I glanced up to see Tinker getting into the truck. He looked over at me, twenty yards away, as though he were going to offer me a ride back to the farm. He pursed his lips while staring at me, then looked pensively at the round, kicked at a rock, climbed into the pickup and drove back to the farm by himself.

After I was dressed and walking the fence line back to the farm I felt better; however, my ass was sore, really sore. How would I explain this to my uncle?

Barney, Sam, and Uncle Ross were eating lunch when I walked in. I must have looked a little pale because everyone looked up and wanted to know what had happened to me. I excused myself and went directly to my room. I noticed that Tinker had not come in for dinner.

Shortly Uncle Ross was at my bedroom door and came in to see if I was ok.

I had my clothes off already and was rubbing a lotion into the welts on my ass. Hiding the strap marks burned into my flesh was impossible and Uncle Ross became very excited and concerned. Finally I explained that Tinker and I had had a disagreement in values and that he had left me with a little "point of information" and that I had left him with the same. I asked Uncle Ross not to talk with Tinker about this episode, that I preferred handling it myself. I was aware that Uncle Ross knew human nature well enough to allow Tinker and I to develop our own relationship no matter which direction it happened to take.

After the men had left the dinner table, I stood up and ate in the kitchen, Uncle Ross snickering at me. He spent the rest of the afternoon teaching me to curry and groom Cycle. I was disgusted with myself for getting into a confrontation with Tinker which had left me with a sore ass. Now I would be unable to ride horseback for a couple of days.

That evening Uncle Ross gave me a small portable television, which I put in my room. It was about ten o'clock and I was on my belly in bed watching the TV news when there was a knock on my door. Expecting perhaps Uncle Ross or Sam, I was shocked when Tinker walked through the door. In surprise I sat up on my knees as he walked toward the bed. I noticed the blue bruise and cut on his cheek where I had struck him.

"Look."

"All right... Eric! I'm sorry about what happened out at the spring this morning. I wan to apologize." His curly head was bowed. I simmered down a little; I tried to be friendly.

"I'm sorry too. Let's just forget the whole thing, okay?" My voice was still cool.

Tinker raised his head and looked at me. "I brought some special salve that might be good for your... your ass... your ass burns." He was uncomfortable saying those words. "Here." In his outstretched hand was a metal can of salve. I started to tell him to just put it on the dresser.

Thinking that would not be polite after his obvious gesture of apology and concern, I reached out to take it from him. Our fingers touched and he grabbed my hand tightly.

"I'd like to put the salve on those strap burns, Eric, if that's okay with you?"

My head instinctively shook from side to side telling him no.

"Please, I'll be very gentle." His violet eyes were pleading. It was hard to resist. Then his face broke into a wide grin. "I have the most gentle hands in all of Iowa. Ask any horse or cow or calf or dog or cat. You see, I'm a veterinarian. You didn't know that did you... I mean, Eric?"

Yup, I've helped lots of little animals into the world. And none of them complained about my hands." His smile disappeared and a sad look washed over his face as he added, "Except you."

He was conquering me and I knew it. Sitting down on the side of my bed he reached out with both hands and stroked the muscles of my neck and shoulders as he began a firm massage. All the while his velvet violet eyes massaged me, too.

"That feels good now, doesn't it!" It wasn't a question he asked; he was simply declaring a fact that he was sure of. A slight nod of my head indicated yes.

"I'm going to tell you something, Eric. In my opinion there are two kinds of people in this world; those who never can be touched, and there are those people who must be touched -- touching and being touched is part of their essential life-blood. That's you and me, Eric. I knew the moment I saw you that we were alike. I want to touch all of you, and I want you to touch all of me."

I knew what he was talking about. He had hit a nerve in my character that was a truth and I couldn't deny it. My only answer was to lean forward and place my head on his chest muttering, "I know."

Holding me close he rocked me in his arms and I felt his strength flow through me. His lips caressed my hair so tenderly I felt this was the only thing I wanted and needed.

We stayed like that a long time. When he whispered in my ear, "Let me put the salve on your strap burns now," I rolled over on my stomach.

His gentle hands sympathetically rubbed the soothing salve into my bums.

My body floated away under his soothing touch. All I was aware of was powerful hands on my sore buns and these hands seemed to be healing instruments in themselves. When Tinker was finished massaging he tugged teasingly on the hair at the back of my neck and asked if I didn't feel better. I did.

"I'll leave you to get a good night of sleep and tomorrow morning you'll feel great. Of course you won't be able to ride Cycle for a few days, however." He moved to the door and called back as he left, "Good night, Eric."

He was leaving and I didn't want him to. I shot up in bed and called out,

"PLEASE... don't go!"

Tinker stepped back into the room. "What is it, Eric?"

"I want you to stay. I liked the way that you touched me." I felt a little shy. "It was beautiful. Now I want to touch you... please!"

Tinker closed the door and sauntered back toward me. He stopped in the middle of the room with a mellow look on his face, then began to take off his boots.

"No, let me." I scrambled out of bed and with deliberate easy pace I unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it out of his Levi's and off his body. I undid the damned belt. I had to sit Tinker on the edge of the bed to pull off his tight boots... then his Levi's. I asked him to walk around the room so that I could watch his golden body. He did, unashamedly, proud of his coordination and definition.

I stretched out on the bed on my stomach with my head hanging over the edge. As Tinker moved toward me his cock hung right in front of my face.

I opened my lips and let the head dangle between them. His cock-head began to swell so much I had trouble keeping it all in my mouth. When the cock got hard it would no longer stay in my mouth and sprang up into the air, striking me on the nose. We both giggled and then I gobbled his balls. Those balls were treasures... full, like small lemons covered with downy blond hair... the left hanging somewhat lower than the right...

blue veins twining beneath the tender skin. I could get only one ball into my mouth at a time. I took a long sweet time to investigate them with my eyes and my tongue and my lips. The silky hairs covering each nut tangled with my tongue... tasting of perspiration!

Tinker turned around and positioned his asshole right over my mouth. He pulled his hard buns apart and I could clearly see the twitching asshole.

My tongue shot out, giving the tight hole a lick. Shivers rippled over his skin. I shot my tongue out again and pushed it as hard as I could into his shithole, twittering my tongue. His ass opened up to let me in as deep as possible, then contracted on my tongue, forcing it, back out.

Lifting my head slightly, I buried my nose in Tinker's beautiful ass, all smelling of grass and spring water and sweaty manhood. Moans of joy sprang out of his throat. He was ecstatic being rimmed.

I massaged Tinker's buns with my nose, rubbing... pushing... exhaling hot air into his asshole. My lips curled back and my teeth nibbled on the muscle. I heard him cry out with little sounds of painful pleasure.

Next I brought my hands up between his legs and pushed the ends of both my thumbs firmly into his breech and massaged hard. Tinker began to move his rump around on my finger tips, begging for more. With a quick jab I buried both thumbs up his rectum, his horny hole quivering and squeezing.

He cried out, but did not move off my fingers. Instead, his slim hard ass rotated in the air and plunged down onto my fingers. Watching those buns

moving in horny patterns in front of my face made me hotter than hell and I grabbed hunks of hard bun in my teeth and bit solidly, moving from left bun to right bun until Tinker was dying with pleasure.

Finally he could not stand it any longer and pulled away from my face, commenting that I was really too much. I hurried out of bed and got on my knees behind him where I could again run my tongue and teeth over his bulging, healthy ass. I worked down over his legs, tonguing, biting, scratching him with my fingernails until his body was squirming and contorting.

Tinker fell onto the bed. I flipped him onto his back and lifted his legs up over my shoulders. His ass was positioned on the edge of the bed where my cock was now playing in his asscrack, seeking out his tight hole.

Spitting on my cock, I pushed only my cockhead into the hole and moved my prick from side to side, titillating his horny entrance. Tinker's lips began to move in frantic cries of: "Oh yeah, that feels so good... so damned good. Oh, I need more. Give all of it to me, Eric, baby... Give me more, please baby!"

I socked in about another four inches and then rested, watching Tinker's face light up with pain and bliss. He was still moaning, almost crying,

"Oh yeah, that's what I want, baby... Cock up my ass. It's so good...

It's so God-damned good. Baby, your cock feels so damned delicious inside me... I love it. Oh, I could take more baby. Have you got more to give to good old Tinker, baby?"

I rotated my ass from side to side, exploring the walls of his moist pussy cave. Then I pulled out almost all the way only to send my eight inches of bursting pecker deep inside his rectum. I slammed hard several times, reaching inside for his sexy belly.

Tinker cried out. "My God that hurts so good... It buns so bad... Oh shit, fuck me, Eric... fuck me." And I did. Hard and gentle, from side to side, deep and shallow. "You're so good to Tinker, Eric... You're so good to me! I

want you to fuck me like this every day... every day... every day; you hear... I want your pecker slamming into my ass, yeah. Oh baby, this is the touch I love the most... Deep inside me, touch... I can feel your damned cockhead slamming against my ass walls, baby... Ohhhh, fuck me... fuck me... fuck me!"

His voice trailed off into a whisper just as my balls drew up and torpedoed a gigantic sweet-sour load into Tinker's golden ass. His asshole was extremely sensitive, for he felt my prick swell, the head gorge with blood, and then the huge expansion and contraction of my pecker as the cum shot out into his asshole. He swayed his hard body on top of my prick. Unexpectedly I saw his cock stretched out to its full glory without being touched while great gobs of thick cum shot out over his belly and chest. Some shot over his face and he put out his tongue and licked in the pearly drops of fresh gism.

Tinker's shooting off was such a fascinating sight that my cock swelled up again and shot another quick load into Tinker's rectum. He went out of his mind and flopped his body all over my prick until I had to hold him down with my hands and calm him. I left my pecker inside his rectum, twittering his sensitive inner tissues with jerks of my cock. Each time I jerked my cock, his body jumped spasmodically with joy. Eventually my cock went limp and slid out of Tinker's ass.

I went to the bathroom and washed up. When I came back into the bedroom Tinker was still stretched out on his back on the bed, legs dangling over the edge, his arms over his face, his body still occasionally jerking with the wonderful pleasure soaring through his body.

I brought a damp warm washcloth, pulled apart Tinker's buns and washed his hurting asshole. While drying him off he half-opened his eyes and smiled deeply. Both eyes were blank, like he was drugged. However, the only drug Tinker was on, and me for that matter, was each other.

Tinker shook his head in a gesture of disbelief. "Wow Eric, you are really too much. You are just too damned much." He rolled onto the bed and pulled me toward him. "And, I love you!" He cuddled me against his chest, pulling my ass up against his belly, our bodies melting into each other. My

ass was pretty sore but the touch of his warm belly flesh against my wounded buns made them feel better.

CHAPTER TEN

We must have dozed for a long time. Both of us awoke at the same time with the same thought on our minds -- food!

I grabbed my robe and rushed downstairs to the kitchen. There were plenty of sandwich fixings in the refrigerator: ham, bread, salami, lettuce, tomato, etc.

I ran back up the stairs with a tray of four ham sandwiches and a quart of milk. Just as I reached the top of the stairs I ran into Sam leaving my uncle's room, wearing only his bathrobe. He turned to me, saw the grub and asked curiously, "Hungry at this time of night, Eric?"

"Yup." I started to push past him for my bedroom door.

"Are you going to eat all that by yourself?" His gaze showed suspicion.

"Yup." I got to my door but didn't dare open it because I was sure Sam would see Tinker on my bed.

"You don't need any help eating those four sandwiches and a quart of milk, do you? I'm rather hungry myself."

"Nope. I'm really starved. Besides, there's more sandwich fixings down stairs in the refrigerator, Sam."

"Isn't it unhealthy to drink a whole quart of milk before you go to bed?"

Sam was shaking his head in disbelief.

"Oh no, I never have trouble sleeping after I eat, never." Then I added apologetically, "Except when I get a new horse... it's hard getting to sleep then."

Sam put one hand on his hip, a finger of the other hand to his lips.

"Eric, I'm just reminded, because of these circumstances, of an old proverb."

"Yeah... what's that?"

"He who drinks a quart of milk and eats four ham sandwiches with lettuce and tomato, I noticed before that person retires, is either a glutton, a plain fool, or just had heavy sex." Sam jammed both his hands into the pockets of his bathrobe and started down the hall toward his room.

Suddenly he turned back to me, "Sorry, can I help you with the door, Eric?"

Just as Sam finished asking me that question, Tinker opened the bedroom door and not seeing Sam in the hall, took the plate of sandwiches out of my hand. Sam whispered loudly to me, "Well, at least I see that you aren't a glutton or a plain fool. Good night, Eric."

The next day I awoke to rain beating steadily on the roof of my bedroom.

The room looked gray and somber. Quickly I ran to the window and closed it, then wiped the rainwater off the floor. My ass was still a little sore, but much better. Whatever magic ingredient was in that salve Tinker had used on my buns, it was certainly working well.

Putting on my bathrobe I ran downstairs to see what was happening. Uncle Ross was at the kitchen table drinking coffee with Barney. Sam and Tinker had eaten their breakfast and were out doing chores. Uncle Ross let me prepare my own eggs and toast while he and Barney discussed moving young stock from the barns out to the pastures, getting the feeders for the fields moved out, salt blocks pegged, etc. Sam walked in with a black notebook and showed my uncle the plans he had drawn up for the summer feeding-program, moving of stock, and general schedule from crops.

Despite the fact that I was fascinated with all this new information, I felt very restless and left the men still discussing farm business. In my room I found some loose-fitting shorts that wouldn't aggravate the leather bums on my ass. Then I headed for the barn to spend some time with my horse. Cycle was already recognizing me, nuzzling my shoulder, glad to see me.

Again I curried and groomed her, watered and fed her. I wanted to take her outside and exercise her, but the rain prevented me from doing that.

I was sitting on a bale of hay playing my flute, and Sam stuck his head in the barn door and asked me if I wanted to ride over to Frank's chicken farm. He had business with Frank and I could visit with Frank's boys, Ollie and Jim. I agreed and soon we were climbing into the pickup truck.

Sam handed me a pillow; "I think you might still need this!" My face went scarlet; I wondered how he knew about my sore ass. I asked him.

"Down at the bunkhouse I saw Tinker fixing up a bad bruise and cut on his jaw several days ago. I know that Tinker doesn't normally get into fights. He told me that you two had gotten into a disagreement out at the spring. He hit you across the bare ass, and you hit him square on his glass jaw."

I nodded my head in agreement. "That's right. Tinker made me pretty mad.

But, we're not mad at each other anymore; we straightened everything out last night."

Sam glanced over at me with unconcealed enlightenment on his face.

"Right. If I know Tinker he can straighten almost anything out." Sam snickered quietly to himself. Finally he laid one of his massive hands on my thighs, squeezed hard several times. "Look, if you have any other problems that Tinker can't straighten out, or you can't straighten out by yourself, don't forget that Sam is the problem fixer around here, ok?"

I reached out with my left hand, scooped into Sam's crotch and squeezed.

"Thank you, Sam." He quickly put his right hand on top of mine and caressed me hard. I could feel his huge meat begin to rise up.

Impulsively I leaned over and buried my face in his crotch, blowing warm air through the denim material. His massive pecker was jerking against my face and I loved the touch of the hard cock enclosed in the rough Levi's material.

Sam slowed down the pickup and ran his hand through my hair. When he lifted my head off his crotch he was shaking his head from side to side.

"Eric, you are one warm little number. But, we'd better knock this off so that I can get out of the truck at Frank's place without my pecker roaring up out of my pants."

I agreed and we drove down the road with Sam singing in his deep baritone voice, me playing my flute. In a few minutes we were wheeling into the dirt road leading to Frank's farm house; Sam and I were happy despite the lousy rain.

Sam pulled the pickup truck as close to the house as he could, chickens scattering in all directions. We ran for the house where Frank was waiting for us on the porch holding the screendoor open for us. After greetings and a hot cup of strong coffee, Frank indicated that his boys were down in the barn and that I should go down and introduce myself.

I pulled a jacket over my head and ran for the barn, a little wet and soggy by the time I got there. I couldn't find the boys at first. Finally I heard muffled voices coming from the horse stalls at the end of the barn. When I reached them I found two fellows, about seventeen and nineteen years old, currying a pony. They saw me and motioned for me to come join them. After introductions I learned that Ollie and Jim were in the business of raising ponies and showing them.

Ollie, the oldest, with a long tall body, topped with long wavy dark hair, asked me if I wanted to see their prize stud. I had never seen one before so of course I was interested. Both boys got excited and led me to a special stall built at the far end of the barn. Inside was a beautiful chestnut-colored pony standing as high as Ollie's chest. Ollie leaned toward me and whispered, "Now I want to show you what makes him our prize stud."

He opened the stall door and let me have a look. The pony was hotter than a pistol with a dick on him as big as my wrist hanging toward the floor at least a foot and a half long. My eyes grew big and I whistled, "What a cock!" I felt my own cock shoot straight up, hard as a rock, in my shorts.

Jim began to laugh and grabbed for my cock saying, "It works everytime.

Everyone who takes a look at Lord Jim's big pecker gets an immediate hard-on!"

I backed away, but Jim held on to my pounding prick. Ollie pointed to the crotch of his overalls. "Heh, don't be touchy Eric... you see, I have a hard-on too. I get one everytime I see that big dick. In fact, Lord Jim's cock is mine and Jim's favorite toy. Do you want me to show you?"

I nodded my head as Ollie peeled off his overalls and shirt. I stared wide-eyed at his handsome body -- long wide chest covered with fine dark hair, long thick legs shrouded in black hair. His creamy ass was wide and full, very rounded and appetizing. I gulped as Jim dropped to his knees and took his brother's big hard pecker into his mouth. I was so totally unprepared for this scene that I was speechless. Ollie instructed me to take off my clothes - - but, I couldn't!

Finally Jim came off his brother's pecker and began to pull off his overalls and shirt. His body was even more spectacular with Ollie's -- a fine, chiseled frame, with only hints of hair on his body. He looked clean and fresh like a newborn baby, except for dark hair thatches under his arms and around his cock. His muscles were extremely well-defined --

long, and full, gleaming in the dim light of the horse-barn. My cock throbbed harder, fascinated with his beautiful body. Then Ollie went down on his brother's cock, which was shorter but fatter than his own. He took the whole cock and balls into his big mouth and sucked to get his brother as hard as he possibly could.

Ollie came off the cock, turned to me and said, "Come on Eric, this will be fun." Before I could even muster up an answer, both boys were pulling off my shirt and shorts. When I was standing bareass in the hay, the brothers fell down on their knees, Ollie on my cock, Jim on my balls, and they started the most incredible sucking. They were obviously very experienced at this whole thing. I began to feel good and rotated my hips in their eager faces.

Just as I realized I couldn't hold off exploding in their mouths, both boys came off my balls and cock and stood up laughing. Ollie whispered in my ear, "Now do you want to participate in the real fun?" I nodded yes and they pulled me toward the stall.

Jim ran down to the end of the barn and was back in a few minutes with a pail of hot water, soap and a wash cloth. He went into the stall with the stud pony and began to carefully wash off his cock. The moment Jim touched the cock with the warm water it grew to incredible size. My head was spinning with the size of this glorious prick.

Jim threw the soap and washcloth into the pail of water and put it outside the stall while Ollie tied the pony's back legs to the sides of the stall so that he wouldn't kick. When he was finished he stood up, looking at me and invited me into the stall. Jim pulled me by the hand.

Soon I was kneeling on my knees along with the two boys, looking at the huge dangling stud prick right in front of our eyes. "Like it?" Ollie asked me.

"Yeah!" I said. "That's the most tremendous piece of prick I've ever seen." I felt weak in my stomach.

I remembered the cucumber that had been pushed up my ass and wondered if Ollie had ever tried that. I mentioned it. "Oh sure, I've had cucumbers up my ass. One time Jim put three big oranges all the way up inside my ass and it took a whole day before I could force the third one back out.

Walking around with that thing inside me was a great feeling. Everytime I would sit down I could feel it; when I walked I could feel it. I loved it."

Jim chuckled again and said, "Ohio likes bananas in his ass, too. We have a hired man whose great delight is fucking Ohio with bananas. First he pushed in a slightly green banana, then he pushed in his eight inch pecker, throws in a load of sweet cum on top of the banana, then he goes wild sucking on Ollie's ass, pulling the banana out and eating it."

Ollie was obviously pleased with the description of his many accomplishments. "Yeah, I love it when he jams in his big prick and throws a load on top of the banana. You should see him go nuts sucking the banana and his cum back out of my ass. Whew... I love it!"

"Is this hired man around now?"

"Sorry, he's not here today... had to go to a farm meeting. But, you come spend a night with us sometime and we'll all crawl into bed together and you can watch the guy in action. Jim and he have worked out a position so that they can both get their cocks in me at the same time. Man, that really gets me off!"

Jim's eyes lifted to mine. "Ollie was a real good fucking ass. He loves to get fucked with anything and everything, the bigger the better. I can get my fist up his ass past my wrist."

He leaned back on a bale of hay with his legs dangling in the air. His brother Jim sucked on his ass for a moment, leaving plenty of spittle in the crack for lubrication. Then Jim sent his prick sailing into his brother's ass in one great heave. Ollie never flinched... he just heaved his ass around savoring the prick in his ass.

I got down on the hay beneath Ollie's creamy ass to watch Jim's prick open him up. I had hardly gotten comfortable and into the rhythm of their fucking when Jim pulled all the way out. He took my hand and led me to a table of bales of hay. He had me lie down on my back, then he lay on top of me on his back, with his legs across my hips and under my armpits.

Wiggling his body into position and groping for our cocks with his right hand he soon had our balls pressed tightly on top of each other, our pricks side by side throbbing in the air.

Ollie was on his feet in a flash when he saw our position. He straddled us. He was facing away from me and I had a perfect view of his full round ass moons descending toward our pretty cocks. He spread his buns with one hand and with the other held both our cocks tightly together. In our position the tips of both our cocks were level.

Down came the big full buns. Ollie's asshole was already stretched open and ready because of his brother's fucking. I watched his mammoth hungry hole slide onto the heads of our cocks. Only the heads went in first and I knew Ollie's sphincter was being stretched like he wanted it to be stretched.

He came off our cocks for a moment and slobbered his saliva over them for lubrication. His ass descended again and slowly both cocks began to disappear into Ollie's tunnel of lust. When his buns came down warmly on my belly I knew he had taken everything we had. He held quietly in that position for a moment, expelled a big breath of air and inhaled more. I could hardly lie still and wanted to start humping my hips, pushing my stiff rod as deeply as possible into his hot pussy. But I held off and waited for Ollie to relax. It didn't take him long. Soon he was swinging his pelvis around. Then he began to heave his body up and down, moaning each time both cocks hit the back of his tender rectum. He wanted a hard fuck. In this position he could control what was happening, and he was giving himself a damned hard fuck. He yelled out with strange sounds that didn't mean anything to me other than that he was off on a plane of hard-fuck... two cocks impaled in his... pain, such beautiful pain... and, he loved every painful, pleasurable moment of it.

I couldn't hold back and in a flash my hips slammed upward as I torpedoed a healthy sweet load into Ollie's wild ass.

My coming triggered Jim and I could feel his cock swell up and begin to jump beside mine up Ollie's heaving asshole. Both cum loads were sloshing around in this aching cave. I could feel some of it oozing down along my pecker. With a hard slam to our bellies he lifted completely off our two peckers and to my delight held his position over my body so I could watch as his quivering, hurting ass muscle squeezed itself together to keep the dripping cum in his rectum.

He jumped off the bales of hay and ran for a small wooden horse, covered with a round wooden drum. He pulled the gadget under the belly of the pony and called to us to come and help him. Jim leaped off me quickly and ran to help his brother. Ollie was in heat, his ass was full of cum, stretched a mile, and he was ready for the big fuck!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I ran to them and stood there wanting to help, but not knowing what to do. Jim yelled at me to throw him the horse blanket hanging on the side of the stall. He spread the blanket over the horizontal drum which was fastened to the wooden saw-horse. Ollie was busy with a can of Crisco, scooping out gobs which he was smearing over the pony's big dick. As he spread the grease the dick grew long and hard, ready for action.

Ollie wiped his busy hands clean, then leaned forward over the blanket on the barrel with his ass in the air. I helped Jim push this all into position beneath the pony. The cock was hanging along Ollie's ass and between his legs. I really began to wonder if this monstrous hunk of stud cock could actually go into Ollie's stretched and feverish ass.

I soon found out. Jim crawled under the pony and positioned the mighty cock on Ollie's asshole. Ollie rested his hands on the floor on a parallel line with his feet. The saw-horse kept him comfortably in the air, but he still had to raise his ass some distance to position the cock-head at his back door.

I crawled under the pony to get a better look. Ollie's asshole was wide open, ready to receive this thunderous fuck. He shoved his ass into the air. I held one bun apart, Jim held the other bun apart, and we watched the stud cock-head slide into Ollie's fiery ass furnace. Ollie let out a crazy yell, unintelligible, followed by "OH SHIT, MAN!"

The pony was now so sexually excited his body was moving all over the place. Fortunately his legs were tied, which stabilized his movement pretty much. However, what movement there was stretched Ollie's ass opening so you could have driven a fire truck down there. He was crying out, yet holding on!

In the next moment he yelled so loudly he scared the hell out of me. He must have had all the cock he could possibly handle inside his scorching hole; the cock-head had hit bottom and it hurt like hell. Ollie was a tough fuck because he hung in there, whirling his ambitious ass around the biggest

meat I'd ever seen. He kept yelling out and moaning, but never saying anything intelligible. I looked over at Jim with worry on my face. Jim simply raised his eyebrows and rolled his eyes as if to say Ollie was really enjoying this fuck.

Suddenly Ollie fell forward onto the sawhorse, the stud cock slurping out of his ass. He lay there and moaned for a long time. I saw that his asshole had stopped bleeding and it was pulsating with each beat of his fast heart.

To my surprise he raised his ass off the sawhorse again and let Jim guide the monster cock back into his ass. This time Ollie really worked it over. He moved up and down, screaming out in pleasure, whirling his ass around the club stuck up his rectum, cursing all the time. I finally understood one sentence, "I'm going to let this God-damned cock split me wide open this time!" Then he screamed unintelligibly again.

Ollie heaved his ass. The blood started running again. He heaved harder: I had never seen a man go so wild, out of his head, almost oblivious of his own safety and life. He was wild for his monstrous fuck, and all of his body and mind were zeroed in on that cock hurting up his ass.

Then, in almost complete exhaustion, he collapsed on the sawhorse. Jim and I pulled him off. We helped him over to a bale of hay and Jim ran for another pail of hot water. We both washed Ollie's hurting ass, soothing his pain by continuing to gently wash his body.

Ollie's recovery was amazing. In fifteen minutes he was up and walking around, through a little stiffly. Jim looked up at him, saying, "That was a real good one wasn't it, Ollie?"

Ollie was just shaking his head, pacing the floor, getting circulation back into his aching muscles. He mumbled, "That was a damned good one...

a damned good hot one, Jim."

Jim looked at me reassuringly. "He's okay. Tonight our hired man will rim him with his tongue, then put salve on Ollie's ass and he'll be ready for hard fucking again in two or three days."

Our hired man screws me several times a week. Ollie fucks me almost every night. We have another brother, Ernest, who fucks me when he's home on the weekends. Ernest is up at the Agricultural School in Des Moines, and sometimes he brings home a buddy or two with him. Ollie was still pacing, stretching his muscles, getting his body back together again. He added,

"One weekend Ernest was here with a couple friends from school. One of the fellows was a tall black dude on the basketball team. By the time they all left late Sunday afternoon I had been fucked fifteen times."

My eyes lit up with amazement. "You really like to have your ass plugged, don't you, Ollie?"

His eyes then lit up like a firecracker. "There isn't anything I'd rather do than be fucked... anytime... anyplace... any cock. But, the bigger the cock the better I like it."

Jim sat casually chewing a piece of straw. "Really, Eric, you must spend a night with us sometime." Ollie was smiling with glee. "Already Jim has Ollie fuckin' his ass and rimming his ass. But what Ollie likes best of all is to grease up his fist and ram it into me. Jim puts his nice pecker up my brother's ass and works him over hard to get him hotter than hell.

That way Ollie gives me a good fuck with his fist. Oh shit, my ass is hurting like hell just thinking of little Ollie greasing up his fist and hitting the bottom of my rectum... whew!"

Ollie was more than glad to show me. He bent over in front of me and pulled his creamy buns apart. His asshole muscle was still quivering nervously. I was amazed that after having been stretched so wide by a monster cock his asshole was constricted and fairly tight. Ollie relaxed the hole and I saw it open, pink and hot, then constrict again. I fell on Ollie's ass with my hungry mouth and began to lap inside. He went crazy.

I tickled... slurped, shoved around in there with my hard searching tongue. I wanted more and couldn't get my lips, or nose, or tongue any further into his shit hole. Jumping up I slammed my pecker all the way in. Ollie

screamed out madly in excruciating pain, but I held my cock in as deeply as I could. I didn't hold long. Ollie was too damned sore at this point and he fell forward onto, the hay, doubling up in pain and pleasure.

I was left standing there with my hot wet pecker hanging out, jumping, throbbing, ready to explode. Ollie looked pleadingly at me and shook his head that he couldn't take it. He called out to his brother, "Hey Jim, take this sweet-looking cock up your ass and show Eric what I've taught you."

Jim didn't need any other invitation than that.

He flopped over on his back on a bale of hay, ass positioned on the edge of the bale, legs reaching for the barn roof. I scampered over to him, aimed my swollen prick at the shit eye and pushed. Jim pursed his lips and, yelled, "Yeah... I love it. Give me more, Eric." I rammed everything I had inside Jim's fresh asshole. It smelled of cum and fresh hay. But he pulled his ass off of my rod.

Jim grabbed my body and pushed me down onto the bales of hay. I landed on my back with my horny prick standing straight up in the air. Jim was immediately on top of it, his beautiful long legs straddling my body and he let his juicy new ass down over my cock. He didn't play around. He took it all. With his warm ass cheeks pressed against my balls and upper legs he began to rotate his ass, savoring my shaft of explosive meat inside of him.

He stroked me in the eye and laughed as his body flailed on my stand.

"I've got an ass that's just as hot as Ollie's, Eric. I just can't take the monster size as yet. But, I like your prick; I like it inside my body playing those lovely tricks in my rectum."

I was so hot my cock was expanding to its maximum. Ollie rolled himself up off the floor and sat down beside us on the hay and began to talk to his brother. "That's the way, Jim baby; roll your little ass around. Can you feel his beautiful pecker pushing at the sides of your big hole, eh?

Lift your ass in the air, Jim baby; now slam it down as hard as you can.

That's the way... that's the way. Wow, doesn't that hurt beautifully, Little Brother?"

Jim was rolling my swollen pecker around inside his fiery tube as Ollie kept talking. "Now life your ass up in the air until Eric's cock-head is just inside your muscle. Right... just like that. Now squeeze your asshole tightly Jim, and caress the cockhead."

Ollie reached out and grabbed his brother's hips with both his hands and guided him up and down slowly on the head of my prick. Wow, it felt good and I was afraid that I would come at that very moment. I held back, savoring this beautiful treat. "Now keep your asshole tightly squeezed together and slide all the way down Eric's cock and back up again, slowly. That's the way. How does that feel, Little Brother?"

"I love it... I LOVE IT!"

"Ok. Just hold on tightly to his cock now and start moving your buns a little faster, Jim baby. You want that good cum to shoot into you, don't you?"

"Yeah, I want his cum."

"Right. You're doing real great, Jim. Keep moving a little faster.

Squeeze on that hard pecker. Wow, your sass is going now... your hot ass is going now, really hot, Little Brother."

"Yes... My ass is God-damned hot and I want to be fucked like this forever!"

"You've got it, Jim baby; keep moving... keep stroking long and hard like you're doing. Eric is going to throw a clean load of sweet cum into your ass any minute. And if you do real good, Jim baby, I'll suck it out of your God-damned hot ass. Would you like that, Little Brother?"

"Oh yeah... Shoot that fuckin' cum into me, Eric. Let it fly. I want your cock to swell up inside me and splatter cum all over my ass. Fuck me good, Eric."

I couldn't hold off another second. My cock gorged with blood, swelling incredibly, then exploded with gooey fuck juice up Jim's fresh ass. Jim yelled out, "Oh Ollie... He's coming... Oh, I feel his cock growing bigger than hell inside me... and the cum is flowing inside me. Oh shit... I love it."

"Slain your ass down all the way on Eric's cock... that's right. Now squeeze hard and move your buns in little tight circles... not too fast... slowly... that's right. Drain Eric's juice out. Pull out every drop so your hungry brother can feast on your asshole, Jim baby."

Jim was floating somewhere in a fantasyland of cock up his ass. He twirled his ass around my jumping pecker, draining me of every drop of pearly cum. My prick was hurting and feeling good at the same time. I didn't want him to stop. However, I couldn't handle any more of the delicious ecstatic sensations smashing from my cock through my body...

they were too much, and I had to pull out.

I lay exhausted with Jim's slim body collapsed on top of me; Ollie was massaging Jim's talented ass, bringing him down from his fuck-high. Jim pulled himself tenderly off my body and turned his head to Ollie. "Oh Ollie, I need more."

Ollie pulled him off my body and guided him down on his back in the hay.

"I know you do, Jim baby. And for my brother there will always be more."

He gently raised Jim's legs over his shoulders, guided his stiff long lance to the freshly fucked asshole and pushed all the way in. Jim rolled his head back and forth with joy and shot back up on his fuck-high. "Your ass is still so nice and hot, Brother. I can feel Eric's good sweet cum on my prick. He shot you a good load, Jim."

"I know... I know... I loved it. Shoot your cum on top of Eric's, Ollie."

"Then suck out both loads... please?"

"I'm going to throw you a damned big load, Brother. I'm going to fuck you hard. I'm going to slam into you. WHAM... like that. I'm going to pull all the way out and tease your little tight hole, like that... does that feel good, Jim baby? And then I'm going to slowly push it all the way in, like that... then pull it all the way back out, like that. Is that good, Jim?"

"Oh Ollie... I love it... You really fuck nice, Ollie. Oh Ollie, stretch my horny asshole wide open. I want to be fucked by that monster cock."

"It won't take you much longer, Brother. You're working up to it. We'll soon start you on two cocks up your ass at the same time and get you stretched good, okay?" Ollie turned his head and motioned for me to come closer. He looked again at Jim telling him, "Eric is going to caress your tight little asshole, Jim, and we'll get you stretched a little more right now. You want that don't you?"

"Oh yes, tear my asshole open... I want to be fucked wide and hard."

Ollie slowed his humping movements and I crawled between his legs to get a clear shot at Jim's breech. Ollie had a beautiful long smooth prick buried inside his brother and I grabbed the side of it with my lips. The taste of cum and cock and sweat was overpowering, adding to my mounting randiness. I could taste my juices caressing Ollie's cock as it squeezed out of Jim's ass. I sniffed and licked and got horny as hell again. I couldn't get my tongue into Jim's tight plugged pussy, but I licked at the opening which sent Jim into ecstasy. Pulling a wet forefinger out of my mouth I shoved it alongside Ollie's hot rod and buried it up Jim's ass.

"Oh God, Eric has a finger inside me along with your prick."

"Does it feel good, Jim?" This is exactly what Ollie had intended to happen.

"Yeah... It feels good... It feels damned good... Oh my God, Ollie, Eric's got two fingers up there now."

"Do you want him to put more in there, Brother?"

"Push every damned thing you've got into me. This is the best fuck I've ever had. I'm going crazy. It's too much. I didn't know anything could be so good... So fucking good... Oh shit. Eric, what's happening? I think I'm bleeding... Oh shit... Wheeeee! I can feel five fingers and a cock tearing up my asshole... God, I can't take anymore... Stop, stop, please stop... Oh no, don't take your prick out of me... Don't stop. Give me your cum. Flood my asshole, fuck me... Tear me up."

Jim's body started rocking all over the place, forcing cock and fingers further up his rectum, floating pleasantly away on the horrible pain.

Ollie was humping his ass in great fervor now, then he sot an immense load of semen inside his brother's feverish ass.

Jim was intoxicated. "You're coming, Ollie. I can feel your cock jumping all over inside of my pussy. I can feel that good hot juice flowing.

Shit, it's so good. My God... you're hitting my prostate in there, Ollie... I'm going to shoot off... I can feel it coming... You're hitting the bottom slit, you're banging against my hot gland... Oh Ollie, baby, I can't hold it off... I'm going to cum... Lm going to cum... Ohhhhhhhh...

I'm coming... I'm exploding... Ohhh... Fuck juice coming... coming...

ohhhhhhhhhh!"

Jim's asshole was contracting and mashing the hell out of Ollie's cock.

His body was arched high in the air while his frenzied asshole was claspig onto all the meat rammed into him, squeezing and clamping; as his big load poured out onto his belly and chest.

"Ohhh, I'm dying inside... It hurts so bad... so bad." Despite the hurting, Jim rolled his perspiring ass over Ollie's cock and my five fingers a couple of times before he started to pull off. All the time he was sliding off my fingers he was moaning like a stuck goat. "Shit man, I can feel the fingers coming out... Oh shit, oh shit... wowwwwww," and my fingers came out slurping wet and sticky.

Ollie kinda slowly humped Jim's ass, giving him the most pleasure he could. His cock was going limp and soon it snapped out of Jim's ass as Jim collapsed on the bale of hay. "Oh Ollie, my ass hurts so much... so much... It feels so good but, it hurts so much!"

Ollie ran gentle fingers over Jim's burning buns. "I know, Jim baby, that's what fuckin' is all about. A good fuck hurts real good..."

remember, I told you that. Just leave it to Ollie and he'll fix you up, okay?"

"What are you going to do, Ollie? It hurts so much!"

"I'm going to soothe that ache in your asshole with my warm tongue. You just push out my cum and Eric's cum onto my lips and tongue and feed your hungry brother. Then I'll massage your buns and you'll feel much better.

You'll remember this good fuck and want to do it again sometime. Are you ready to have your asshole rimmed out, Little Brother?"

"Oh yes, Ollie, make my asshole stop hurting. Lick it for me, Ollie."

Ollie got on his knees in front of Jim's ass, pushing Jim's shaking legs high into the air. Ollie glanced at me and asked, "Do you want to eat some of this sugar-ass, Eric?"

I was ready for anything at this point. Ollie traded places with me and I fell on my sore knees to lick out our sweet juices. Ollie climbed on top of his brother, spread his knees over Jim's waist and leaned forward taking Jim's balls into his mouth. Then he started licking the quivering stretched asshole, wet with juices. He plunged deeply with his long tongue, pulling it out of the sticky hole and offering his tongue to me to suck. I fell on the slimy tongue, sucking in, tasting the bittersweet come in the back of my throat. Those sticky sweet juices turned me on like crazy and I buried my lips in Jim's asshole and shoved in my tongue as far as it would go. Jim grunted and pushed a gob of cum into my mouth which I offered to Ollie who gobbled it out of my mouth. Ollie loved it and buried his mouth into the cum-soaked hole. He sucked, then I sucked.

We exchanged juices... eating... sucking... licking, until Jim's ass was sucked absolutely dry.

We let Jim relax back in a collapsed state on the bale of hay, while Ollie and French-kissed until our tongues were sore. I collapsed in the hay beside Jim, as did Ollie. No one spoke.

We all sat up in terrific shock when we heard the familiar voice of Sam call out, "You guys sure did a real number on poor old Jim there, didn't you?" There was Sam, standing on the other side of the pony stall, watching up. As he walked toward us, I saw his huge pecker bulging in his Levi's. Ollie finally came out of his shock. "Hi there, Sam... yeah, we were just initiating Eric into the funky going's-on around this chicken farm. You know how it is."

Sam laughed. "With you two horny fuckers initiating him he's going to get a bad impression of us folks out here in Iowa." Everyone laughed at that.

Ollie reached out to touch Sam's hard-on and asked him if he wanted to get blown.

"Not this time, Ollie. Anyway, it looks like you guys have been through a rough ride. I'd better get Eric out of here right now before your father comes down to the barn and catches you!"

Ollie shook off that threat. "We don't worry about Pa. He knows we fuck around. Anyway, Pa always says that good horny sex keeps a man down on the farm."

Sam was amused. "Well, from the look of your pa's prick pushing against his overalls, he has some mighty whopper of a pecker. If he ever catches you horny little shits down here in the barn fucking around he may just give you both the greatest fuck you've ever had."

Ollie must have felt some truth in that statement because his eyes swelled up and he nodded his head. "Our brother, Ollie, sleeps with Pa sometimes and he told us that Pa always gets a hard-on during the night and that he has

one big hunk of wang on him. One time Ollie sucked on it for most of the night and Pa never was even aware of it."

I was still sitting in my frozen position, afraid of what Sam would say to me. He finally threw me my clothes and I began to hurry into them. Sam sat down beside Jim and began to massage his beautiful full buns. "Are you okay, Jim?"

Jim languidly moved his tired body. "Yeah, I'm okay... I'm real okay.

Wow! After that glorious fuck I think I can even take on you now, Sam."

Sam slapped him hard on the ass and strode toward the door. He wasn't having any of that today. "I'll see you at the truck in three minutes, Eric." I nodded my head and finished putting myself together. Jim and Ollie kissed me goodbye as I ran out of the barn to the truck where Sam was patiently waiting for me. I crumbled into Sam's big lap and slept all the way back to the farm. Sam's lap and strong arms were very reassuring to me. Just before I dozed off I remembered that Ollie and Jim had reminded me to hurry back and spend a night with them. I knew that I probably would but, not very soon!

THE END